

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS



NO. 143.—VOL. VI.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1876.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE
By Post 6d.



MISS BELLA PATEMAN.

RAILWAYS.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
SHREWSBURY RACES.

NOVEMBER 14, 15, 16, and 17.

On Monday, November 13, a SPECIAL FAST EXPRESS TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave PADDINGTON STATION at 4.40 p.m., and Westbourne Park at 4.43 p.m., for SHREWSBURY. This Train will stop at Oxford, Birmingham, and Wellington only, and will be due to reach Shrewsbury at 9.20 p.m.

The Special Train will return from Shrewsbury at 4.40 p.m. on Friday, November 17, for Paddington, calling at Wolverhampton, Leamington, Oxford, and Westbourne Park; and will be due to reach Westbourne Park at 9.00 and Paddington at 9.5 p.m.

Ordinary Trains leave Paddington for Shrewsbury at 6.00 and 10.00 a.m.; and 12.50, 3.30, and 6.30 p.m. And Shrewsbury for Paddington at 7.40, 10.00, and 10.40 a.m.; and 1.55 and 5.58 p.m.

Return Tickets for distances under 50 miles are available for seven days, and for distances over 50 miles for one month.

For further particulars see Special Bills.

J. GRIERSON,
Paddington Terminus.
General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN
RAILWAY.SHREWSBURY RACES,
NOVEMBER 14TH, 15TH, 16TH, AND 17TH, 1876.

A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN for SHREWSBURY will leave EUSTON STATION, London, at 4.00 p.m. on Monday, November 13th, reaching Shrewsbury at 8.20 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS for SHREWSBURY will leave EUSTON STATION, LONDON, as follows:—

(WEEK DAYS).

Sp. Ex.

Train,

Monday,

Ord.	Ord.	Ord.	Ord.	Nov. 13	Ord.
Train.	Train.	Train.	Train.	Train.	only.
C	C	C	C	C	C
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5 15	7 30	9 00	12 10	3 0	4 0
... 10	... 12	... 2 0	... 5 0	... 7 55	... 8 20
Arrive Shrewsbury	... 10	... 5 12	... 2 0	... 5 0	... 9 53

Through Carriages from Euston on Trains marked C.

On FRIDAY, November 17, 1876 (the Last Day of the Races), a SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN for EUSTON STATION, LONDON, will leave SHREWSBURY at 5.00 p.m., arriving in London at 9.25 p.m.

FAST AND EXPRESS TRAINS FROM SHREWSBURY TO LONDON.

(WEEK DAYS).

Sp. Exp.

Train on

Friday,

Ord.	Ord.	Ord.	Nov. 17	Ord.	Ord.
Train.	Train.	Train.	only.	Train.	Train.
C	C	C	C	C	C
a.m.	noon	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
10 20	12 30	2 50	5 0	5 20	10 8
Arriving at Euston	... 3 10	... 5 15	... 8 30	... 9 25	... 9 50
					5 30

G. FINDLAY.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station,
November 3, 1876.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE.—Direct
route to India.—First-class passenger steamers, fitted up expressly
for the trade. Qualified surgeons and stewardesses carried.

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

EUROPA Saturday, Nov. 11 Saturday, November 18.
INDIA Saturday, Dec. 10 Saturday, December 23.
MACEDONIA Saturday, Dec. 30 Saturday, January 6.

First-class, 50 guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for
berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow; and
17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester;
Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; and Henderson Brothers,
14, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

THE GLACIARIUM.
THE FIRST AND ONLY REAL ICE-RINK IN EXISTENCE.
THE OLD CLOCK HOUSE,
379, KING'S-ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.

The large Rink now completed and permanently frozen over, is open for
Skaters.

Admission—by Visitor's vouchers only—which, together with the club
rules and other particulars, can be obtained upon application by letter to
the Secretary,

April 25, 1876.

HARRINGTON E. O'REILLY.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the
Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—
British Medical Press.

"Entire solubility, a delicate
aroma, and a rare concentration
of the purest elements of nutrition,
distinguish the MARAVILLA
COCOA above all others."—
Globe.

Sold in tin-lined packets only by
Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS,
London, Sole Proprietors.

SIX AND A HALF GUINEA BLACK SILK
COSTUMES.—Engraving of Messrs. JAY'S Six and a Half
Guinea Costumes forwarded on application, gratis. Also a Pattern of the
quality of Black Silk from which these costumes are made.

JAY'S, Regent-street.

FOREIGN VELVETS, from 4s. 6d per
yard.—Messrs. JAY having had consigned to them before the
present rise in the price of silk, a very large stock of these elegant dress
materials, they are enabled to sell Black Foreign Velvets at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d.,
6s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.

JAY'S, Regent-street.

MOLLILANA CASHMERE.—All Wool, and
inexpensive, manufactured at Roubaix; Fast Black; will not shrink
nor cockle if exposed to wet, and dirt may be washed or sponged off it
without the slightest injury to the cashmere. Price £1 11s. 6d. for 16 yards,
25 inches wide. Costumes of Mollilana Cashmere kept made up. To be
had only at

JAY'S, Regent-street.

PATTERNS FREE.—BLACK SILKS, bought
at Lyons before the great rise in prices.—Messrs. JAY were fortun-
ate enough to purchase, a week before the rise, at remarkably low prices,
about £20,000 worth of BLACK SILKS, consequently they are now in a
position to offer the following advantages to customers:—

Good BLACK SILKS, 3s. 1d. per yard; present value, 5s. 3d.
" " 4s. 6d. " 6s. 3d.
" " 5s. 3d. " 7s. 3d.
" " 5s. 6d. " 8s. 6d.
" " 6s. 6d. " 9s. 6d.
" " 7s. 6d. " 10s. 6d.

By all receivers of patterns a comparison of the width and quality of
Messrs. Jay's Silks is respectfully solicited by the firm.

JAY'S.

THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent-street, W.

ALEXANDRA PALACE DOG SHOW.—
The SECOND ANNUAL SHOW will be held on DECEMBER
5, 6, 7, and 8, under the management of the Kennel Club. Schedules
now ready.—Apply to the Secretary, G. Lowe, Kennel Club Offices, 2,
Albert Mansions, Victoria-street, London. 115 Classes. More than
£1,000 in prizes.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

On MONDAY and during the week, THAT BEAUTIFUL BICEPS,
RICHARD III. Mr. Barry Sullivan, Messrs. H. Sinclair, J. F. Cathcart,
C. Vandenhoff, H. Russell, F. Tyers, H. M. Clifford, Douglas, H. Evans,
G. R. Ireland, Percy Bell, C. H. Fenton, Jas. Johnstone, R. Dolman,
Master Grattan; Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Madame Fanny Huddart, Misses
Edith Stuart and Grattan. THE STORM FIEND.

Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at Half-past Six, commence at
Seven o'clock. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

On Monday, and during the week, MR. AND MRS. WHITE.
After which, at a Quarter to Eight, a New and Original Historical Play,
entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills; Messrs. James Fern-
andez, J. W. Ford, B. Bentley, A. Revelle, F. Strickland, J. Smyth, B.
Pedley, J. Weston, E. Price, Miss Heath, Mesdames A. Mellon, Manders,
M. Brunett, Miss and Master Coote. To conclude with at 10.15, a Comic
Ballet entitled THE MAGIC FLUTE. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s. Doors
open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from Ten
till Five daily.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.

Every Evening, at Quarter to Eight, ARRAH-NA-POGUE,
written by Lion Boucicault. Miss Maggie Moore, Miss Hudspeth, Miss
Marion, Mr. J. C. Williamson, Mr. Shiel Barry, Mr. J. G. Shore, Mr. W.
Terriss, Mr. William M'Intyre, Mr. Cullen, Mr. Elliott, and Mr. S. Emery.
Preceded by a Popular Farce. To conclude with A FAVOURITE FARCE.
Prices, 6d. to £4 4s. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily. Doors open
at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—CARL ROSA

OPERA COMPANY.—Saturday Morning, Nov. 11, at 2.30,
"Bohemian Girl." Saturday Evening, "Maritana." Monday, 13th,
"Zampa." Tuesday, 14th, "Fidelio." Wednesday, 15th, Last Performance
of "Joconde." Thursday 16th, "Bohemian Girl." Friday, 17th,
"Water-Carrier." Conductor, Mr. CARL ROSA.

BOX OFFICE OPEN Ten till Five. NO BOOKING FEES. Seats
may also be secured at the Libraries, &c. Doors open at 7.30; commence at
8.45.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. Buckstone.—Every Evening, at 7.30,
THE BALANCE OF COMFORT, Torrington, Charles Harcourt; Mrs.
Torrington, Annie Lafontaine. After which, at 8.20, DAN'L DRUCE,
BLACKSMITH, 59th time. Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Howe, Braid, Forbes
Robertson, Elford, &c., and Miss Marion Terry. Stage Manager, Mr.
Howe. Doors open at 7. Box-office open to 10 till 5. Acting Manager,
Mr. H. Griffiths.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mrs. John Wood. Last six nights of THREE
MILLIONS OF MONEY. On MONDAY, and during the week, will be
presented THREE MILLIONS OF MONEY. Mrs. John Wood, Mr.
George Honey, &c., &c. In consequence of prior arrangements having
been made for the production on Monday, Nov. 20th, of a domestic drama,
entitled THE VIRGINIAN, in which Miss Lydia Footh and Mr. S. Piercy
will make their first appearance at this theatre. The Comedy must, therefore,
for the present, be withdrawn; due notice will be given of its next
representation. Box office open from 10 till 5 daily. Doors open at 7.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson.

NEW COMEDY.

Charles Wyndham, and the entire company much augmented.
On Monday, and every evening during the week, the performance will
commence at 7.30 with the domestic drama, adapted from Charles Dickens's
novel of "The Cricket on the Hearth." Followed at 8.45 by a farcical
Comedy, in three acts, entitled

HOT WATER.

From Meilhac and Halévy.

Chancery Pattleton	Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
Sir Philander Rose	Mr. E. RIGHTON.
Martin (of New Inn)	Mr. J. B. RAE.
Corbyn (of the Middle Temple)	Mr. H. STANDING.
Noddle	Mr. J. CLARKE.
M'Lud	Mr. H. ASHLEY.
Usher	Mr. J. ANDERSON.
Stage Manager	Mr. J. FRANCIS.
Pietro	Mr. RIDLEY.
Tin	Master RIVERS.
Mrs. C. Pattleton	Miss FANNY JOSEPHS.
Madame Maricette	Miss NELLY BROMLEY.
Lady Rose	Miss EASTLAKE.
Mrs. Pitcher	Miss M. DAVIS.
Jane	Miss EDITH BRUCE.
Nina	Miss M. HOLME.

Act I.—Morning Room in Pattleton's Villa, St. John's Wood.

Act II.—Hall-keeper's Lodge of the Royal Opéra Bouffe à la Mode.

Act III.—Court for Matrimonial Causes.

Seats can be secured either at the Box Office of the Theatre, from 10 to 5,
or at all the Libraries, for two weeks in advance. Prices from 1s. to 3
guineas.—H. J. Hitchens, Acting Manager.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and the entire company in Farnie's new burlesque,
THE VERY LATEST EDITION OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

To-night, Saturday, November 11, and every evening until further notice.
The performance will commence at 7.30 with the Two-Act Comedy, by
A. Halliday, of CHECK MATE. Characters by Messrs. Lionel Brough,
Phillip Day, Appleby; Mesdames Emily Vining, Duncan, &c. At 8.40,
production of the very latest edition of ROBINSON CRUSOE, by Farnie.
New scenery by Grieve and Son; Properties by Brunton; Mechanism by
Littlejohn. Costumes designed by M. Marré, of Paris; made by Mrs.
Wilson. Musical Director, Mr. Michael Connally.

Robinson Crusoe Miss LYDIA THOMPSON.

Jim Cox Mr. LIONEL BROUGH.

Will Atkins Mr. GEORGE BARRETT.

Wat-ho Mr. W. FORRESTER.

O-pop-o-nax Miss EMILY DUNCAN.

Gig Miss TOPSY VENN.

Lactat Mr. BUNCH.

Friday Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN.

Polly Hopkins Miss VIOLET CAMERON.

Angelica Miss ELLA CHAPMAN.

Ylang-Ylong Miss EMILY VINING.

The Two Obadiah Messrs. APPLEY & MARTIN.

Christopher, Miss E. VERNIE; Deb, Miss Honiton.

Tib, Miss Leslie; Slider, Miss B. VERNIE; O-wy-o-wy, Miss Brougham;

O-where-o-where, Miss C. Morgan; O-when-o-when, Miss F. Honiton.

Pages, Pirates, Indians, &c., Misses H. Morgan, Carthew, Avenel, Gray,
Birkett, Grahame, Deacon, P. VERNIE.

Seats can be secured either at the Box Office of the Theatre from 10 till 5,
or at all the Libraries for two weeks in advance. Prices from 1s. to two
guineas.—J. C. Scanlan, Acting Manager.

GLOBE.—MISS JENNIE LEE as JO.

Every Evening at 8.15.

JO preceded by SLATE PENCILLINGS at 7.30.
Last nights of JO, which cannot be played here after Friday, November
24th.

A MORNING PERFORMANCE

of this successful drama will take place this day (SATURDAY), November
11, at 2.30, doors open at 2. Reduced prices for the Matinée. Stalls, 5s.;
Dress Circle, 4s. An early application for seats is necessary.—GLOBE
THEATRE—JO.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare.

Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING at 8 o'clock,
BROTHERS, new and original comedy, in three acts, written by Charles
F. Coghlan. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry,
Miss Hollingshead, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr.
Conway, Mr. Cathcart, Mr. Deane, and Mr. Hare. New scenery by
Messrs. Gordon and Harford. After which a QUIET RUBBER: Mr.
Hare, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Herbert;

IMPORTANT PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.
CHRISTMAS NUMBER
OF THE
ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND
DRAMATIC NEWS, 1876.

THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

With the above number, notice of the exceptionally attractive contents of which will be duly advertised, it is intended

TO GIVE AWAY

a coloured picture, by GEORGE A. HOLMES, Painter of the famous

"CAN'T YOU TALK?"

and kindred in subject to that marvellously popular work. The reproduction of the gift has been entrusted to the eminent firm of LEIGHTON BROTHERS. It will be *fac-simile* in size and colour, and will bear the title of

"YOU REALLY MUST!"

Subscribers at home and abroad and leading advertisers are desired to take early cognizance of the above announcement, as it will be necessary to go to press some weeks in advance of the day of publication, with the Christmas Number.

NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER
OF THE

Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News

Will contain, amongst other Illustrations, a Portrait of

MISS LEIGHTON,

AS

"CHORUS," IN HENRY V.

BY-THE-BYE.—A. H. DOUBLEYEW, ON
LORD MAYORS' SHOWS.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

COURSING,

*A page of Sketches by R. H. MOORE, &c.*PIGEON SHOOTING.—THE MIDDLESEX
GUN CLUB, HENDON.

This new Club will Open on SATURDAY, November 18, when a CUP, presented by the Club, will be SHOT FOR. The Shooting Ground has been prepared with great care, and with every regard to the comfort and convenience of members. A Full Programme of the Shooting Fixtures for the next three months is appended:—

PROGRAMME.

1876.
Nov. 18. OPENING DAY.—CUP PRESENTED BY THE CLUB; £2 sweepstakes; six birds each; handicap distances.
Nov. 25. The NOVEMBER STAKES; nine birds each; handicap distances; £3 sweepstakes, with £25 added by the Club.
Dec. 2. The CHALLENGE PLATE.—Seven birds each; £2 sweepstakes; handicap distances. The winner on each occasion to leave £5 out of the stakes to form a pool which, together with the plate, will go to the first member who shall win such plate twice.
Dec. 9. OPTIONAL £1 OR £3 SWEEPSTAKES.—Six birds each; handicap distances, with an object of art added by the Club.
Dec. 16. The "BIRD HANDICAP."—Optional £3 or £5 sweepstakes, with plate presented by the Club; 25 birds at 27 yards. This novelty consists in the fact that competitors are not handicapped in the usual manner, according to the distance at which they shoot. All stand at 27 yards, but only the best shots shoot at all the birds (25), the other shooters are allowed a certain number of "dead birds" (i.e., scored already as killed), according to their position in the handicap. Entries to be made to the Secretary, on or before Thursday, December 14.
Shooting for the Handicap will commence punctually at 12 o'clock.
Dec. 23. The 27 YARDS OPTIONAL SWEEPSTAKES.—Six birds each, with an object of art given by the club.
Dec. 30. OPTIONAL £2 or £3 SWEEPSTAKES.—Two birds at 24, two at 26, and two at 28 yards. Ties to be shot off at 26 yards.
1877.
Jan. 6. The CHALLENGE PLATE.—£2 Sweepstakes; 7 birds each; handicap distances; conditions as before.
Jan. 13. OPTIONAL £1 or £3 SWEEPSTAKES.—Six birds each; handicap distances; with an object of art given by the Club.
Jan. 20. The JANUARY STAKES.—Nine birds each; handicap distances; £3 sweepstakes, with £25 added by the Club.
Jan. 27. OPTIONAL £1 or £3 SWEEPSTAKES.—Six birds each; handicap distances, with an object of art presented by the Club.
Feb. 3. The CHALLENGE PLATE.—£2 sweepstakes, seven birds each; handicap distances.
Conditions as before.
Feb. 10. OPTIONAL £1 or £3 SWEEPSTAKE.—Six birds each; handicap distances, with an object of art presented by the Club.
Feb. 17. The FEBRUARY STAKES.—Nine birds each; handicap distances; £3 sweepstakes, with £25 added by the Club.

Shooting will commence each day at one o'clock punctually. The Plates and Prizes can be seen at Messrs. Beasley and Beasley, 34, St. James's Street, S.W.

All information respecting the Club can be obtained on application to the Secretary, HENRY RUDD, Esq., the Egerton Club, 87, St. James's Street, S.W.

MR. STREETER,
18, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.,
JEWELLER.

18 Carat Gold EARRINGS, set with Stones, from 50s. to £50.
18 Carat Gold BROOCHES, " " " 70s. " £200.
18 Carat Gold BRACELETS, " " " 140s. " £300.
18 Carat Gold LOCKETS, " " " 200s. " £100.

In all Jewellery sold or re-arranged by Mr. Streeter, the Stones are mounted in 18-Carat Gold.

"JEWELS OF RICH AND EXQUISITE FORM."—*Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. ii.THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1876.

"In reply to a telegram, we learn that "Exon's" copy has miscarried, and we are consequently compelled to go to press without it."

CIRCULAR NOTES.

We do not speak of masters nowadays; or if we do it is by another name—"employers." Hence it is the custom to Frenchify our language with the word "*employé*;" most needlessly, seeing that "employee" is the plain English opposite to "employer." No more of that! It is not often one hears of a poet, or essayist, or epigrammatist being in anybody's service or "employment;" though to be sure an eminent firm of slop-sellers once kept a gentleman in the first-named capacity. *Punch*, in a memorial tribute to the late Mr. Mortimer Collins, delicately records the punctual relations which existed between Mr. C. and his "employers." Surely this is in the same taste, good or bad, which characterised Peter Pindar's amiable address to his contemporaries:—

"Sage sirs, if favour in your sight I find,
If fame ye grant, I'll bless each generous giver;
Wish you sound coats, clean shirts, and *masters kind*,
Gallons of broth and pounds of bullock's liver."

CONCERNING the late George Alfred Lawrence, the author of "Guy Livingstone," the writer of "Our Van," in *Baily*, says, "He could never have been said to be a popular man. His face was not prepossessing, and in fact he was decidedly ugly; but he had such a gentle voice and fascinating manner that he used to say, that only give him half an hour's start, and he would beat the handsomest man in England out of the field when a lady was in the case." If "Guy Livingstone" did say that of himself, he was an egotistical plagiarist. We rather think the boast has been credited to several ugly men of fascinating manners, and am sure that before Mr. Lawrence was born it was set down to notorious Jack Wilkes.

In the matter of the Byron Memorial, "the committee assembled on Wednesday at the South Kensington Museum for the purpose of selecting a design for the Byron Monument, the Earl of Rosslyn in the chair. There were present, besides the committee, Messrs. Woolner, Calder-Marshall, and Durham. After an animated discussion, the following resolution was carried:—'That, in consequence of none of the designs having entirely satisfied the requirements of the committee, the competition be reopened.' A ballot having afterwards been taken, six of the forty designs were selected, for their general superiority, in the following order—viz.:—Nos. 6, 27, 28, 2 and 12 (equal), 14; and the committee further expressed an earnest wish that these sculptors will take part in the next open competition, which will probably be held in May." May we ask—What are the requirements of the committee? It is not for us to question the decision of a body which includes Messrs. Woolner, Calder-Marshall, and Durham, but it may be submitted that if Mr. Woolner were judge in a contest which had brought forward Messrs. Calder-Marshall and Durham, the works of the latter gentlemen would stand very little chance of obtaining a favourable verdict. As a matter of fact, there is one competitor—in this conflict left entirely out in the cold—who in two previous contests has beaten Mr. Calder-Marshall, R.A., and Mr. Durham, A.R.A., "the length of a street." But what of that? A bad sculptor may, for aught we know to the contrary, be an excellent judge of other sculptors' work—on Disraelian principles. And Lord Rosslyn? Where did he get his knowledge of sculpture from? A friend who is a sculptor? The affair, as it stands, is not calculated to produce a feeling of confidence in the committee in the public mind. Elsewhere than beneath the shelter of the ineffable boilers, the committee of the Byron memorial would be, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion, but the atmosphere of South Kensington bears such a bad character, is so prone to develop in the noblest minds an irresistible propensity to jobbery, that we pause in our mental contemplation of the "spooney" models that have found favour in the sight of the eclectic committee, and drop a regretful tear.

ESPECIALLY do we weep for "No. 14 in the book," who has secured what we cannot but regard as tardy recognition, by the skin of his teeth. It was not thus when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales took him in hand.

NEVER prophesy unless you know, is the Yankee humorist's maxim. We think, nevertheless, that we could name the winner of the Byron Memorial Stakes; but before publishing our "tip," we should like to know how Number 2 came to be reckoned amongst those exhibits the B.M.C. have vouchsafed to honour. The model in question is so far superior to the others, or rather the others are so ridiculously inferior to it, that one can only attribute its inclusion in the half-dozen that have received "honourable mention," to pure accident.

THE *Sunday Times*, criticising the performance of an amateur in the part of Lord Glossmore, thought it "a little out of place for a lord to lift a candlestick off the table to light a cigarette." Let those who play our lords remember this, and when next they light cigarettes in such parts, carefully lift the candle and not the candlestick, seeing that it would be inconvenient to lift both candlestick and table.

FROM India come rumours of golden medals and ribbons edged with gold, the former having been designed by a famous English sculptor, to be presented in the name of India's Empress, her Majesty, our Queen to "the

Imperial Assemblage." Unfortunately, somebody has pointed out that the inscription (which is in Persian, Hindoo, and English) has altered her Majesty's sex. The sculptor and the Indian Office are consequently at loggerheads, each refusing to bear the blame, and the medals remain unused until it is decided whether the Empress is he or she. This is very shocking!

THE MERRY LITTLE MILL AT NO-MAN'S LAND.

(AIR: *Norah Creina*.)

LIST to me, ye sporting men,
While I relate, in language larky,
The mill of Hanky-Panky Ben
With Nigger Joe, surnamed "The Darky."

'Twas nine a.m. one April day,
When leaving town might any man see,
On tramp, or prad, or trap, or "shay,"
A grand turn out of all the Fancy.

Just fifteen miles from Hicks's Hall
The ring was pitched and stakes were driven,
And then the men began the ball
At just eight minutes past eleven.

The Darky's wife was blue and white,
And Hanky-Panky's red and yellow.
The Darky had the best in height,
But Hanky was the stouter fellow.

The Nigger's tap reached home the first,
On Hanky-Panky's nob a teaser,
But Ben returned a glorious burst,
And drew the claret from his sneezer.

Round Two—The Nigger wa'n't awake,
For coming up he missed his footin',
But Ben gallantly scorned to make
The smashing blow he might have put in.

The Nigger got one in his chops,
Which swelled his lips like kidney 'tatos,
But rushing in, his mawley drops
On Panky's breathing apparatus.

Round Three—The work was short and fast,
But which one was the better man it
Was plain to see, for Ben was grassed
As soon as ever he began it.

Round Four—Here Panky had the best,
And showed some pretty taps and squaring,
But by the pumping of his chest
His bellows seemed to need repairing.

The next four rounds were much alike;
Ben didn't seem to use his senses,
For twice the Nigger made a strike
Which knocked him clean across the fences.

He didn't now fall nicely, but
Showed on the ground his full extension;
'Twas clear the cracks upon his nut
Had quite obscured his comprehension.

Round Nine—The time was called, but Ben,
Not coming forth to toe the mark, he
Was led from off the field, and then
The vict'ry was adjudged to Darky.

Next verse I'm quite ashamed to make,
But don't see how I can avoid it—
Old Ikey Shum, who held the stake,
Cut clean away, and never paid it.

E. D.

REVIEWS.

America.—*The Englishman's Illustrated Guide to the United States and Canada*. London: Longmans.

THIS is a carefully compiled volume, which we have pleasure in commanding as a useful and reliable guide. We regret that we cannot speak as well of the illustrations, most of which are either poor in themselves or wretchedly printed.

Swimming and Diving. BY WILLIAM WILSON. Glasgow: Kerr and Richardson.

MR. WILSON is an able teacher, who has the art of imparting his practical experience in clear and simple language. His book deals with bathing in all its phases; and the instructions for swimming and diving, saving life, &c., are carefully detailed.

Billiards: Its Theory and Practice, &c., with a Chapter on Bagatelle. By CAPTAIN CRAWLEY. Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

If proof were needed of the intrinsic merit of this handbook, it would be afforded by the fact that it has run through nine editions during the twenty years it has been before the public. The present edition is the tenth, and a special recommendation is to be found in the fact that the invaluable little book has been thoroughly revised, and brought up to the present state of the game, with new diagrams of the spot-stroke, and the championship rules, &c. This handsome new edition is dedicated "to William Cook and John Roberts, Jun., by whom the game of billiards has been brought to a pitch of excellence never before attained."

Village Songs. By MRS. HAWTREY. Frederick Warne and Co.

Most, if not all, the illustrations of this small volume, which form its chief attraction, are very old friends indeed; but they have been admirably selected, and being printed with great care, look almost as fresh and bright as on the day they were "proved." Mrs. Hawtrey has done her part of the work with excellent taste. If we find here and there a clumsy line, and here and there a lame one, we find everywhere pleasant manifestations of wholesome feeling and a kindly nature. Her flights are unambitious. Hers is essentially a homely muse. We have skimmed through the village songs with an ever increasing sense of respect for the singer, and if we have failed to light upon a stave that would lose nothing by being divorced from the rest of the ditty—a few lines for quotation, in fact—we have discovered in all of them the spirit which animates the verse of Bloomfield, and Thomas Miller. "Our Sister's Wedding," and "Mabel's Day Dream," will probably be thought the most successful of Mrs. Hawtrey's efforts.

ON Monday afternoon the proprietors of the Victoria Rink, Cambridge Heath, opened their new bicycle and running grounds.

THE outbreak of madness among the Surrey staghounds, caused by a mad dog running into the pack, has not further manifested itself. The hounds attacked have been destroyed, and the pack is now healthy and apparently free from the malady.

MUSIC.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

THE prospectuses of operatic managers are generally delusive. At the commencement of each season the manager issues magniloquent announcements of the works which he intends to produce; and at the end of each season, when his actual achievements are contrasted with his promises, the result affords scope for the satirical comments of those "men of little faith," who have been taught by experience that operatic prospectuses are like the

"Dead sea fruit, which tempts the eye, And turns to ashes on the lips." Mr. Gye, last season, was cautious in his announcements. He gave a list of the numerous operas which are comprised in the répertoire of the Royal Italian Opera, but did not promise any one of them, and his promises of new operas were confined to four works, of which three were produced. Mr. Mapleson, unfortunately for himself, announced a long list of the operas which he intended to give during the season, and even gave the casts of each; but many of the promised works were "conspicuous by their absence." Mr. Carl Rosa has set a better example. Following the example of Mr. Gye in that respect, he gave the list of works which form the répertoire of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and has selected several of them for performance during his season. He further announced his intention to add to his

repertory no less than five fresh works, Adam's *Giralda*, Nicolo's *Joconde*, Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and Mr. Frederic Cowen's *Pauline*. The last named opera is underlined for speedy production, and the four first named have already been performed. The labour involved in the preparation of so many new works, by a single conductor, can hardly be conceived by the amateur critics who glibly gabble the inanities which they substitute for criticism guided by knowledge and experience; and who would be utterly helpless were it not for their shameless eavesdropping when abler men are conversing, and the tit-tat-tat with which they are rewarded by thirsty supernumeraries. Mr. Carl Rosa has proved himself the possessor of energy such as can seldom be found in combination with the highest musical ability; and he has vindicated himself and his



ALMOST A DINNER.

company by the production of *Fidelio*, in spite of the contemptuous sneers of puny assailants, who had warned him to relinquish the attempt, because it was clear—quite clear—to them, that none of his artists was fit for the part of Leonora, and for other reasons equally convincing to their enlightened minds.

Fidelio is a work which is likely to become more and more popular with the advance of musical cultivation. It is exactly seventy years ago since it was produced at Vienna, before an audience chiefly composed of the French troops who had entered the Austrian capital a few days previously. They were quite unable to appreciate the beauties of the work, and it was only performed three times. In the following year Beethoven re-arranged it, but still it failed to

please the public; and it was not until the end of the war, in 1814, by which time Beethoven had become better appreciated—that it elicited the admiration with which it has ever since been regarded. The disappointments and vexations which befel the composer, during and after the production of his opera, made him resolve never to write another; and to this resolution he adhered, in spite of every entreaty. It is difficult to imagine what kind of operatic music he would ultimately have produced, had he resolved to apply his genius to that form of music; but it is tolerably certain that he would have conceded nothing to the exigencies of vocalists. As in his Masses, so in *Fidelio*, he generally writes for the voice, as if it were a mechanical musical instrument, bound to execute satisfactorily the most fatiguing

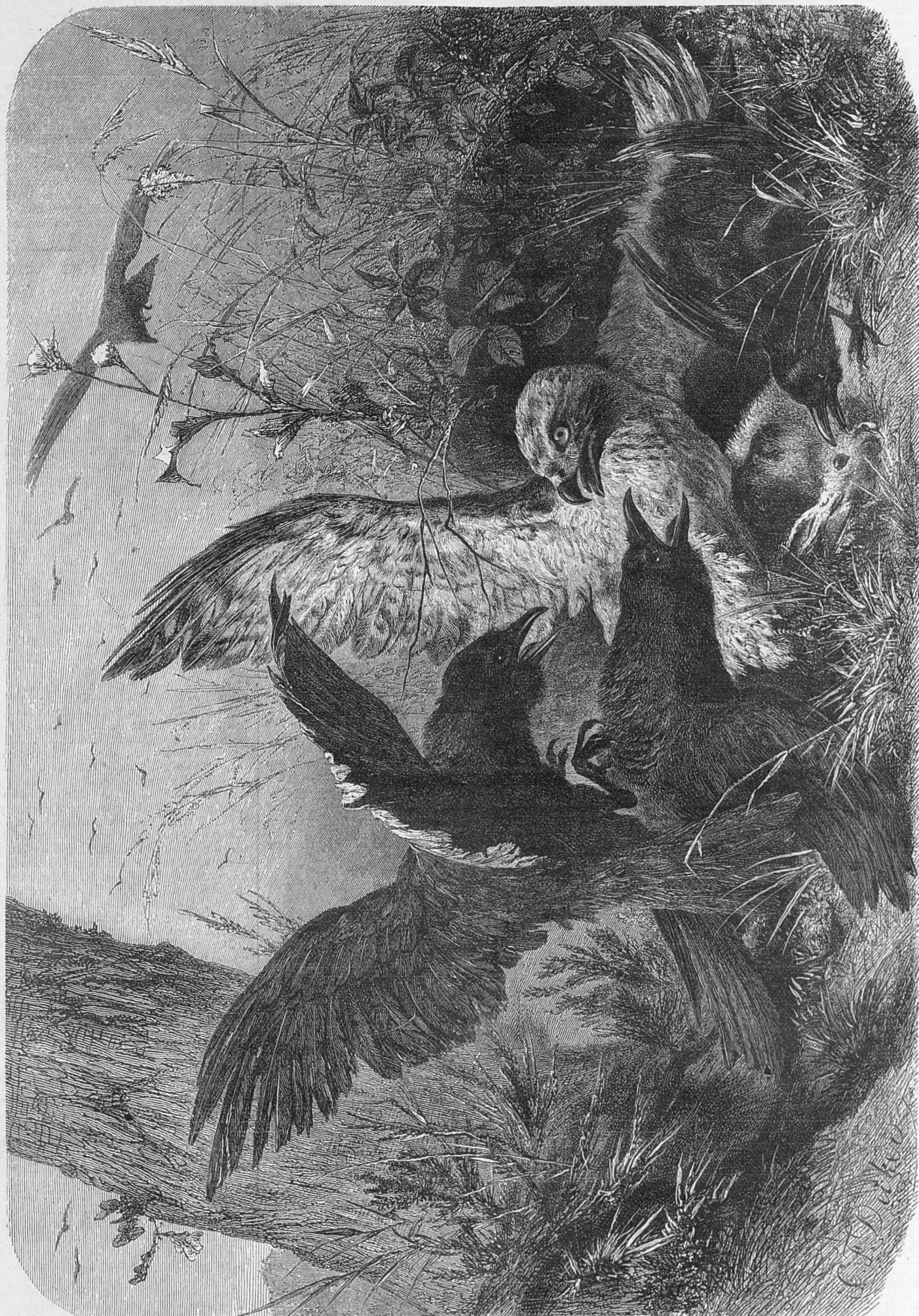
vocal passages. This is one reason why *Fidelio* for so long a time failed to become popular. The character of its heroine, Leonora ("Fidelio") requires for its impersonation not only commanding histrionic power, but a cultivated voice of high range and great strength; and these qualifications are not often combined in the same individual. The first really great representative of this difficult part was Madame Schröder-Devrient, whose German reputation led to her engagement as prima donna of a German opera company which visited London in 1832 and 1833. Shortly afterwards the opera was produced in English at Drury Lane Theatre, with the incomparable Malibran as Leonora; and Miss Rainforth subsequently played the part. The daringly original, but vocally and dramatically great Leonora of Sofia

Cruvelli still lives in the remembrance of experienced connoisseurs, and she had a worthy successor in Mdlle. Titiens, who for a long time past has had no rival in the character. It will always be difficult to find adequate impersonators of Leonora, but it would be absurd to make the realisation of the loftiest ideal indispensable, when sufficiently competent artists are available for the correct rendering of the music, and for intelligent conceptions of the dramatic side of the character.

Mdlle. Torriani's impersonation of Leonora will add greatly to

her reputation. Her movements, in the unaccustomed boy's dress, were easy and graceful, and her acting in the dungeon scene, when interposing between her husband, Florestan, and the murderous Pizarro, was impassioned and pathetic. Her readings of the music were excellent, and although she was severely tasked by some exacting passages in the second act, she never shrank in the face of difficulty, but was always faithful to the text. Her delivery of the great "Hope" scena was highly meritorious, and was a genuine specimen of refined and intellectual art. If it be

true, as we are informed, that she had never before even seen a performance of *Fidelio*, Mdlle. Torriani is entitled to special congratulations on her successful impersonation of its heroine. Miss Gaylord, as Marcellina, was less successful than usual. Her acting was deficient in natural gaiety and freshness, and her singing lacked refinement and polish. Marcellina's song in Act I. is one of the most effective vocal pieces in the opera, and it was not until after Beethoven had set the original words three times that he found himself able to impart sufficient lightness and grace



BIRDS FIGHTING OVER PREY.

to this song. For its proper execution it requires a greater knowledge of *portamento*, and of *legato* singing than this promising young artiste has yet acquired. Mr. Packard made a great success as Florestan; his command of high notes enabled him to encounter successfully the exacting passages in the great duet, and both in this and in the opening scena of the second act he sang better than any Florestan whom we have heard on the Italian stage for a long time past. Mr. Aynsley Cook's Rocco was highly meritorious; his acting was genial and natural, his singing was entirely

free from exaggeration, and he has seldom been seen to so much advantage. Mr. Lyall's recent illness had diminished the power of his voice; but he sang like an artist, and acted with unforced comic humour. Mr. Stevens (the Minister of State) and Mr. Ludwig (Pizarro) were apparently too nervous to do themselves justice, and the latter named artist certainly failed to profit by an excellent opportunity of distinguishing himself. Before the next performance of the opera he will have had time to make himself more fully acquainted with the difficult music of his part, and we hope

to see him more successful than at his first appearance. The choristers sustained their high reputation. They have this season shown that it is possible for forty trained chorus-singers to sing with the precision and refinement of a select madrigal party, and have elevated operatic chorus-singing to the rank of a fine art. The Prisoners' Chorus was faultlessly sung; and was rendered doubly enjoyable by the unusual display of histrionic ability which accompanied it. The varied grouping and illustrative action which were here introduced, as well as the entire *mise en scène*,

gave proof of Mr. Arthur Howell's ability as a stage-manager. To make choristers act has heretofore been thought impracticable; but, under his régime, the Carl Rosa Opera choristers not only act, but seem to take pleasure in doing so.

That the fine orchestra were fully equal to the occasion, and that Mr. Carl Rosa evidently knew every note of the score by heart, and by his watchful and sympathetic conducting secured a faithful interpretation of Beethoven's immortal work, may easily be credited. We differ from Mr. Rosa as to the pace at which *Martellina's* song, and the *Prison Trio* were taken, and we should have preferred a greater subjugation of the orchestra to the vocalists; but for his readings, as well as for the prominence given to the instrumentation, he has authorities. He showed the instinct of a true musician in abandoning the *clap-trap* practice of playing the third of Beethoven's four *Leonora* overtures between the first and second acts. The grand "No. 3" overture, a musical panorama of the opera which it precedes, was played before the first act, and so magnificently executed that its repetition was irresistibly demanded. The beautiful orchestral introduction to the second act, no longer dwarfed by juxtaposition with the "No. 3" overture, produced a charming and legitimate effect. The dialogue was spoken, in accordance with the intentions of Beethoven; and the performance was thereby rendered brighter and more natural than when accompanied by the recitations with which it is encumbered on the Italian stage. No man, whether his name be Berlioz, Balfé, or Costa, has the right to take liberties with any work by Beethoven, and those who defend the recitations furnished by Balfé, on the ground that they were formed out of passages to be found in Beethoven's own compositions, forget the important fact that Beethoven was not in the habit of repeating himself, and therefore would certainly not have written the recitative music which Balfé supplied. *Fidelio* will be repeated on Tuesday next, and those who have not yet heard the English version should profit by the opportunity of hearing this noble work, which—to judge from its enthusiastic reception last week—bids fair to remain one of the most attractive operas in the repertory of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, long after the temporary popularity of such works as *The Flying Dutchman* has subsided.

Miss Giulia Warwick, one of the new artists announced in the prospectus of the season, made her *début* last week, as Arline, in *The Bohemian Girl*. Both in singing and acting, she is at present a novice, but she displayed much promise. Her voice is not at present powerful, nor is her vocalisation polished, but she sings with genuine dramatic feeling, her voice is of sympathetic quality, and the earnestness and intellectuality visible in all her efforts render her the most acceptable of all the new-comers who have been brought before the public by Mr. Carl Rosa this season.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MR. ARTHUR CHAPPELL is not only to be congratulated on the fact that his admirable Monday Popular Concerts—now in the nineteenth year of their existence—are rewarded with a popularity which is ever increasing, but is also to be praised for the wise liberality, guided by sound musical taste, which is displayed in the arrangements of these concerts. He secures the finest instrumentalists that the world can produce, and thus early in the season is able to announce Joachim, Wieniowski, and Madame Néruda as violinists, Piatti as violoncello, Madame Schumann, Mdlle. Marie Krebs, Miss Zimmerman, and Mr. Charles Halle as pianists, besides a number of other distinguished performers on various instruments. Who could have thought, nineteen years back, that the Monday Popular Concerts would ever attain their present eminence, as the greatest institution in the world for the illustration of the highest kinds of chamber music? At that time, the experiment was considered Quixotic, though praiseworthy. The public were bribed by the attraction of popular ballads, sung by popular singers, and were supposed to endure, rather than to enjoy, the classical music which was included in the programme. Some of the first promoters were discouraged by the pecuniary losses incurred at the outset, and in the third year Mr. Arthur Chappell undertook the sole responsibility of the enterprise. He has been rewarded by triumphant success, and—more than this—has become a national benefactor, by cultivating the musical taste of the public, and teaching them to appreciate and admire the beautiful chamber-music which had long been the luxury of a few, and now counts its thousands of worshippers. That is the highest kind of musical taste which finds gratification in abstract music; music which derives no adventitious aid from poetry or dramatic action, but speaks a language of its own; and has an eloquence beyond the power of speech, because appealing in a thousand varied ways to the different imaginations of a thousand listeners. This is the elevated taste which the Monday Popular Concerts have nursed and developed among all classes of the people; and the masses by whom the shilling seats are crowded at every concert have learned to enjoy the musical gems which abound in the chamber music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Mendelssohn, with as keen a relish as their wealthier neighbours in the stalls. It is only just to say, that much of the good work has been effected by the admirable analytical programmes, which have always been a valuable adjunct to these concerts. In pointing out the salient features of great works, and enabling the listener to pay an enlightened and intelligent attention to them, these programmes set a fashion which is now extensively followed; but, as clearly written masterly handbooks to musical knowledge, they are still unequalled, and constitute an invaluable body of criticism on the class of music to which they refer.

At the opening concert of the present season, given on Monday last at St. James's Hall, the following selection was performed; and it will be seen that the programme was worthy of the occasion:—

PART I.	
Octet, in F, Op. 166, for two violins, viola, violoncello, double bass, clarinet, horn, and bassoon	Schubert.
Song "Aufenthalt".	Schubert.
Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Op. 35, No. 1, pianoforte...	Mendelssohn.
PART II.	
Sonata, in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2, pianoforte and violoncello.	Beethoven.
Songs "O danke nicht"	Franz.
Songs "Der Frühling"	Lassen.
Quartet, in C major, Op. 64, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.....	Haydn.

To general readers it would hardly be interesting to enter into minute analyses of the performances, but our numerous musical readers will appreciate the quality of the banquet which was provided. The fine octet of Schubert, which has been played fourteen times at these concerts, and has every time imparted increased enjoyment, was executed by M.M. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, Lazarus, Wendland, Winterbottom, Reynolds, and Piatti; and the splendid quality of the performance may be estimated from the excellence of the performers. The Haydn quartet which merrily concluded the concert, was played by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. The pianiste was Miss Zimmerman, whose finished execution was well displayed in the Mendelssohn prelude and fugue, and in the Beethoven sonata (not one of his greatest works) with Signor Piatti as violoncello. The vocal music was sung by Mdlle. Redeker, who possesses one of the finest mezzo-soprano voices we have heard for a long time, and sings in the purest style of vocalisation. She made a great success, and was called upon to repeat her last song, when she substituted Lassen's

"Dream song" ("Es war ein Traum") in which she was even more successful than in her previous efforts. She was ably accompanied by Mr. Zerbini.

On Monday next Madame Norman Neruda and Mr. Charles Hallé will make their first appearance this season.

Madame Campobello-Sinico will commence her fourth provincial concert tour at the beginning of January next, with a very strong party, comprising Madame Campobello-Sinico, Madame Demerle Lablache, and Madame Rose Hersee, Mr. Willard Morgan, Signor Monari-Rocca, Signor Norito (Clarinet) Signor Romano (pianoforte), and Signor Campobello. Operatic recitals, besides concert and oratorio performances, will be given at various important provincial towns during the tour.

The cast of the new opera *Pauline*, the joint production of Mr. Frederic Cowen and Mr. Henry Hersee, has been finally settled as follows:—Pauline, Miss Julia Gaylord; the Widow Melnotte, Miss Yorke; Madame Deschapel, Mrs. Aynsley Cook; Beauseant, Mr. F. H. Celli; Glavis, Mr. J. W. Turner; Deschapel, Mr. Aynsley Cook; Gaspar, Mr. Arthur Howell; Dubois, Mr. H. Brooklyn; and Claude Melnotte, Mr. Santley. The engraved pianoforte score of the opera will be published by Messrs. Boosey and Co., on the day following that on which the opera will be produced; most probably next Tuesday week.

THE DRAMA.

THE two leading dramatic events of the week, noticed below, have been the re-opening, by Mr. Hare, on Saturday night, of the Court, with Mr. Charles Coghlan's new comedy, entitled *Brothers*; and the production on Monday evening at the German Reed's entertainment of a new first piece called *Matched and Mated*, written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, with the music by Mr. German Reed.

In addition to these, two other novelties were produced at out-lying theatres.

At the Marylebone a new version of Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge* has formed the chief attraction since Saturday night, with Miss Jessie Garratt, who has recently been personating Poor Jo, again distinguishing herself by her pathetic rendering of the half-witted hero, Barnaby; Miss J. Lee making a graceful Dolly Varden, and the other numerous characters being effectively represented.

At the Royal Park Theatre a new farce by Mr. H. T. Arden, entitled *An Injured Female*, with Miss Caroline Parkes as the heroine, was brought out on Saturday night. The performances of the present company now here terminate this evening.

The second series of Dickens's Plays, under the direction of Charles Wyndham, at the Crystal Palace, commenced on Tuesday with *Oliver Twist*, with Messrs. L. Brough, J. Clarke, E. Righton, Ashley, Mathison; and Mesdames Hathaway, Edith Bruce, and Emily Vining in the principal characters. *The Old Curiosity Shop* (Little Nell) was announced for Thursday, supported by Messrs. Emery, D. Fisher, Odell, J. Clarke; and Misses C. Hope, E. Vining, E. Bruce, M. Daly, &c.

At the Alexandra Palace *Our Boys* was performed by the Vaudeville company on Saturday afternoon.

On Thursday (Lord Mayor's day) special afternoon performances were given at several of the theatres. At the Gaiety Mr. Charles Collette and the Opera Comique company appeared in *Bounce* and *Crypto*. *Our Boys* was represented at the Vaudeville, and the Gaiety company migrated for the occasion to the Royal Aquarium Theatre, where they represented *Little Don Cesar*.

Miss Jenny Lee having recovered from her temporary illness has resumed during the week her impersonation of Jo at the Globe.

The other theatres continue their current programmes unaltered.

To-day, there will be numerous morning performances, comprising *Bounce* and *Crypto*, by Mr. Charles Collette and the Opera Comique Company, at the Gaiety; *Jane Shore*, at the Princess's; *The Bohemian Girl*, by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, at the Lyceum; *Henry V.*, at the Queen's; Jo, at the Globe; *Cyril's Success*, with the same cast as at the recent Gaiety matinées, at the Royal Aquarium Theatre; *Waterloo* and "Scenes in the Circle," at Astley's; and M. Broekmann's trained animals, at the Duke's.

To-night, *Blue Beard* will be replaced at the Folly by the new burlesque, *Robinson Crusoe*.

For Monday evening, two events are announced, viz.—

At the Olympic, *No Thoroughfare* will be revived, Mr. Henry Neville resuming his old part of George Wenman, which he sustained when the play was originally produced at the Lyceum; Mr. Arthur Stirling is engaged to play Mr. Fechter's part of Obenreizer, and Miss Maggie Brennan for the character of Sally Goldstraw.

At the Criterion, the new farcical comedy, *Hot Water*, founded on Meilhac and Halévy's *La Boule*, will be produced, to replace *The Great Divorce Case*. The cast will include Messrs. Charles Wyndham, John Clarke, E. Righton, Ashley, and Standing, and Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Nelly Bromley, Eastlake, Bruce, &c.

At the Alhambra, *La Voyage dans la Lune*, with its splendid oriental and "snow" ballets, will be revived, with new dresses, scenery, and appointments, on Monday evening.

COURT THEATRE.

MR. CHARLES COGHLAN's three act comedy entitled *Brothers*, and produced for the first time on Saturday evening to inaugurate Mr. Hare's third season at the Court Theatre, possesses many conspicuous merits. The dialogue is polished and epigrammatic, the characterisation skilful and well contrasted, and, above all, the *dramatis personæ*, as so daringly limned by the author, are represented by almost one and all the exponents with marked excellence and rare artistic finish. On the other hand, the story, simply that of the love or supposed love—of two brothers for the same lady, is rendered confused through the inconsistent wavering and indecision of the inexplicable heroine, and is interrupted by incongruous and needless episodes. The principal characters, if not actually vicious, are either heartless, selfish, or sordid; at least in some way repelling, and are wholly unsympathetic. To contend against these difficulties was uphill work for the artists, yet the picturesque grace, earnestness, and emotional power of Miss Ellen Terry as the wayward and wavering heroine, Kate Hungerford; the well-assumed repose and cynical coldness of Mr. Hare as the middle-aged and wealthy baronet, Sir Francis Meredith, and the unexaggerated ardour and natural acting of Mr. Conway as his younger brother Fred Meredith, while the Fred Seymour, the Bohemian artist, succeeded in gaining for their individual portraiture that sympathy and admiration which could not be accorded to the characters they represented. Two Indian officers—Captain Hungerford, the father of the heroine, and Captain Davenport, who persistently but unsuccessfully proposed five times for the young lady's hand—could scarcely be better represented than by Messrs. Charles Kelly and G. W. Anson. Mrs. Gaston Murray gave full effect to the small part of the stately Mrs. Meredith, and Miss Hollingshead was charmingly natural and artless as her daughter Gertrude. With such thoroughly good acting throughout, and when some of the redundant business in the third act is excised, the comedy may

have a good run. It opens well, the first act raising an interest which, however, is scarcely maintained during the sequel.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ROYAL THEATRE.

THE new company have appeared this last week in M. Victorien Sardou's well known comedy *Les Vieux Garçons*, and acquitted themselves fairly in what must be always regarded as a "talkie-talke" piece of little interest, notwithstanding the hold it had in by-gone times on Mr. Mitchell's patrons. Madame Hébert, always sprightly, made a charming Nina. The part of De Mortemer was really well played by M. Fleury, whilst M. Stanislas Gerome was confirmed the good opinion he created in *Le Panache* as a comic actor. *Les Trente Millions de Gladiateur* is announced for next week; experience points that MM. Emden and Valnay will best consult their own interests by giving pieces of that *genre* rather than long five-act comedies of the *Vieux Garçons* type. By the way, the critics do seem rather hard on the French plays, or their interpreters, as a rule; they are unwilling to allow that a second-rate French troupe can favourably compete with the majority of our best English artists, of course with notable exceptions, such as Miss Bella Pateman, whose exceptional success on Saturday night is the talk of the town. And as an outcome of this insular prejudice, it has been gravely stated in more than one journal that the *Great Divorce Case* is superior to its original, *Le Procès Veauradieu*, whereas the dramatic glories of the latter far exceed those of the former. Apropos, it is instructive to notice that at this moment adaptations of French successes are being played at the following theatres:—Prince of Wales, *Peril*; St. James's, *Three Millions of Money*; Criterion, *Great Divorce Case*; Strand, *The Dowager*; Opera Comique, *Cup of Tea*; and Standard, *True till Death*. Will Mr. Hollingshead's "youthful critic" of the *Thunderer* give a learned disquisition on contemporaneous English and French drama?

THE GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. BURNAND's dainty little dramatic sketch *Matched and Mated*, produced as a new first piece at the German Reed's entertainment on Monday evening, is worthy of the best days of the old "Gallery of Illustration." The story, of the slightest possible texture, is interesting, and amusingly developed by a brightly written dialogue, aided by the sprightly and tuneful music, provided by Mr. German Reed, and the characters, exactly suited to the several members of the talented little company now assembled at St. George's Hall, are supported with great effectiveness and minute artistic finish. The action takes place in the drawing-room (an elegantly arranged interior) of Fernlea Grange, the country seat of a middle-aged bachelor and retired military officer, Sir Maurice Goldeney (Mr. Alfred E. Bishop), who has staying with him as guests, a rough elderly naval officer, Captain Kirby (Mr. Henry Reed), his daughter Beatrice (Miss Leonora Braham), and a young artist Percy Blythe (Mr. Corney Grain). Then there are Sir Maurice's housekeeper, the matronly Miss Julia Appleworth (Mrs. German Reed), who deems that she has rendered herself so indispensable to the baronet that she hopes one day to become Lady Goldeney, and a fascinating young widow, Mrs. Barton (Miss Fanny Holland), who is a constant and always welcome visitor to the Grange, and who also aspires to enchain the gallant Sir Maurice. The interest of the little piece arises from the plottings of the spinster housekeeper to effect the object of her ambition, and the amusing and hilarious proceedings of Captain Kirby, who divides his time between inventing fog-horns and torpedoes, and wrangling with Miss Appleworth, whose scheme he eventually wholly defeats; Sir Maurice pairing off with the gay widow, Mrs. Barton; the young artist following suit with Beatrice Kirby; and the discomfited Julia Appleworth and the victorious Captain, rather than be left out in the cold, agree to complete the trio of matched and mated couples. The acting throughout was, as already stated, admirable. Mr. Alfred Reed, who had the strongest drawn part, displayed infinite comic power as the bluff sea Captain. Mr. Alfred Bishop, as usual singularly well made up, enacted the character of the middle-aged baronet with quiet repose and careful finish. Mrs. German Reed gave another of her highly finished sketches as the comely housekeeper, and Miss Holland and Miss Braham represented Mrs. Barton and Miss Kirby with charming vivacity and grace. Mr. Corney Grain lending useful aid both in the action, and musically in the concerted music—especially in the trio in polka time, in which he joined Miss Fanny Holland and Mr. A. Bishop, and which was rapturously encored. A similar result attended another lively musical illustration, a nautical duet, "Don't Speak to the Man at the Wheel," sung with excellent finish by Mrs. German Reed and Mr. A. Reed.

The comedietta was followed by Mr. Corney Grain's new musical sketch *Our Table D'Hôte*, which was first presented on the previous Friday evening, in which Mr. Corney Grain cleverly and amusingly describes the peculiarities of persons met with at tables d'hôte on the continent; and the entertainment still concludes with the popular Scotch farce of *The Three Tenants*.

Mr. Boucicault's Irish drama, *The Shaughraun*, is announced for revival at the Adelphi next Saturday.

The programme for the "Liston Benefit" to take place at Drury Lane Theatre, on the afternoon of Thursday week, the 23rd inst., is now announced, and will consist of Mr. Charles Collette's farce *Crypto*, by the Opera Comique company; selections from *The Princess Toto*, by the Strand company; *Little Don Cesar*, by the Gaiety company; and *Our Boys*, by the company from the Vaudeville. Messrs. Creswick, Ryder, C. Harcourt, C. Warner, and Mesdames Hermann Vezin, Litton, and Jennie Lee, will appear in scenes from *King John*; and Messrs. Charles Wyndham, D. Fisher, L. Brough, W. J. Hill, Stoye, John Clarke, and Mesdames M. Oliver, E. Thorne, and Alfred Mellon (Miss Woolgar) will take part in the last act of *The Critic*. Mrs. Stirling will recite the story of "The Strollers."

The run of Jo at the Globe is drawing to a termination, the last representation being announced for Friday week, the 24th inst.

It is announced that the Hon. Lady Sebright will appear as Lady Teazle on Saturday, the 18th inst., and for a fortnight subsequently, at the Opéra Comique, Strand. Mr. Chippendale will play Sir Peter, and an efficient company is engaged.

The burlesque opening for the pantomime—*Robinson Crusoe*—at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, has been furnished by Mr. Burnand.

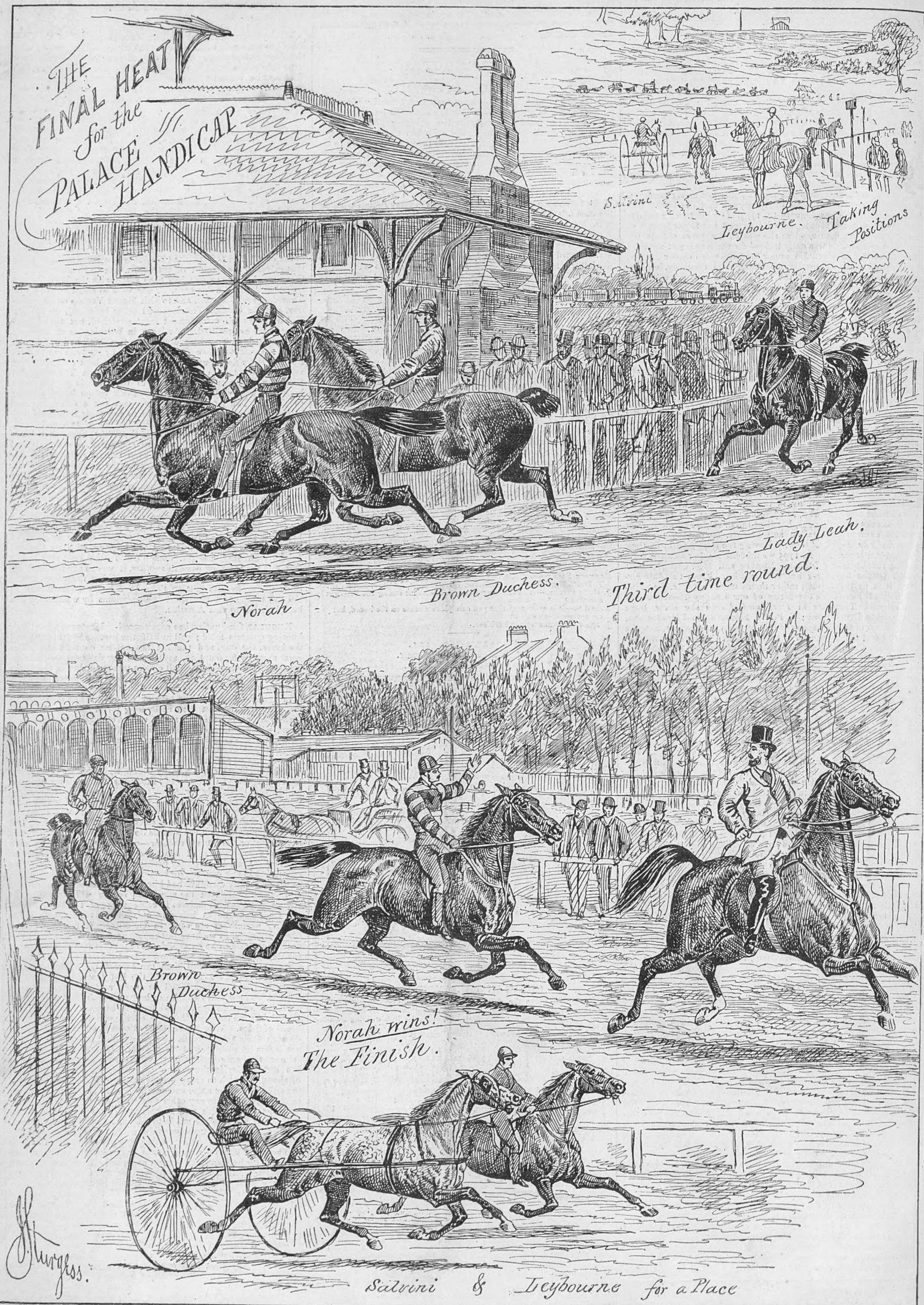
The Lyster-Danicoff company sail for Australia on the 16th of this month.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne attended the performance at the Vaudeville Theatre on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Paul Merritt has been elected a member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.

Mrs. Dion Boucicault is in America, where she is to aid her husband in his new piece, founded on the escape of the Fenians from Australia. We could wish her better employed.

A new theatre is now being erected in New York, upon the east side of the Bowery, directly opposite Prince-street, to be managed by Mr. Harry Miner, and named "The London." It will be inaugurated on December 4th.





DAPHNE
BAY MARE

LEO
BLACK PONY

CHICNON. OPOPONAX
BAY MARES

CORSAIR.
CHESTNUT GELDING

TAURINA
ROAN MARE. GOES IN HARNESS.

MR. B. CHENELL'S HUNTERS AND HACKS.

TURFIANA.

No one has slid so quietly out of turf recollections as Colonel Towneley, and comparatively few among us will recall the marked lineaments of the great shorthorn breeder, and owner of the winning horse in that year which we are accustomed to associate with the name of "bonnie Dundee" rather than with that of Kettledrum. The colonel's taste for racing was of the intermittent kind, which seldom makes its possessor a man of mark, but the owner of the magpie jacket was an exception to the general rule, and his short reign was marked by an Oaks as well as a Derby victory. Long before his colours had been so prominently carried by poor "Geordie" Bullock, he had enrolled himself among the *alumni* at the great northern university of Whitewall, in which so many aristocratic leaders of sport have graduated. His success while under "the Wizard's" wing was but limited; but, twenty years later, the brothers Oates had Butterly and Kettledrum under their care, besides others who were bread-winners for the stable, and amongst them Gladiolus, concerning the correct pronunciation of whose name as many questions were asked as about Kitchener's lowest riding weight, or the shortest Derby time on record. The brothers' success with the half-breds, Doefoot and Hesperithus was somewhat remarkable; but the fickle goddess seems to have bestowed her favours "in the lump," and Colonel Towneley's name has long since ceased to adorn the broadsheets of the Calendar, and the pages of the recording angel at Weatherby's. His favourite Kettledrum turned out a terrible failure at the stud; and perhaps "that old Freeman" was the most useful horse he left behind him on his native soil. The Pope was reported to have made his claim to "stand in" with the Colonel over his memorable Derby; and it is generally believed that his Holiness was put on a good round sum to nothing on the long-pastured son of old "Rat." However, the Colonel's short-horn Butterflies will have earned a less ephemeral reputation than that of their namesake; and in agricultural circles the good which he did lives after him.

A recent visit to Cobham has shown us all things going prosperously, and there are some foals which will quite sustain the reputation of the place if the winter of their discontent is favourably tided over. The company had misfortunes enough last year to lead to the hope that they have come "in battalions," once for all, and that the genius of destruction has been for ever appeased. Hermit shows some wonderfully good youngsters, and the bay out of Coimbra will be a terribly high-priced article, though a grand chestnut from Southern Cross should run him close for the Cobham premiership. Blair Athol is not quite so strongly represented as usual, but looks wonderfully fresh and well, though, of course, not quite so lusty as of yore, and nearly everything covered by him last year will swell the company's foal list of 1877. Of Blue Gown we shall have to write more fully in a future issue, when the likeness of the bay Beadsman adorns these pages, but we cannot endorse the judgment which pronounced him "sow-headed, pig-eyed, and cobby." None of the Beadsman family are deficient in length, and if his profile is not quite so classically cut as that of his detractor, this defect (if defect it be) must be debited to Stockwell, and any one who has seen the head of old Bas Bleu peering out of her box at Middle Park cannot fail to be struck by the likeness to her distinguished son. The Company intend sending half a score of mares across the Channel to Mortemer at Chamant, a judicious step, considering the looks and performances of Chamant and Verneuil. Most of the crack mares at Cobham are in foal, and those who live to see the sale of 1878, given a prosperous season between times, are likely to witness a regular jubilee day for the Company. We believe it is Mr. Bell's intention to have an annual draft sale from his mares, a proceeding amounting almost to a necessity, when their grand total reaches nearly one hundred.

Last week's racing was singularly barren of incident, and though Lincoln held out solid temptations to owners, the meeting was not patronised kindly, as in the Spring, and the principal stakes obtained but meagre acceptances. There were good fields at Brighton, but no great show of quality, and the moderate Charon was found equal to taking home the Cup. It is extraordinary what a falling off there has been this season in Cup horses, and Prince Bathyan must now more than ever regret that Galopin was taken out of training, though discretion did seem to be the better part of valour when the gallant brown was withdrawn. We saw almost a "lame Apology" doing the trick at Ascot, with a most moderate lot behind her, and at Goodwood things went from bad to worse, when such a commoner as New Holland was permitted to take the ducal trophy. At Doncaster we had Craig Millar achieving a very cheap reputation as a stayer, and Blair Athol's fuglemen were all cock-a-hoop at their pet having sired a Cup horse, until Newmarket cruelly silenced their vauntings, and proved their crack to be very small beer indeed. According to the latest information, Rosebery is "the Coming K." of 1877; but we have so often seen handicap form, albeit of the highest quality, confounded when the weight-for-age test comes to be applied, that we shall believe when we see, and not till then. The entries for many of the big races of 1877-78 have been published, and with very satisfactory results, though in some few cases there is a slight falling-off, notably in the Middle Park Plate. There are rumours afloat of Sir John Astley's intention to reduce his breeding stud, which, according to sale returns, could never have profited its owner to even a moderate extent, and Broomielaw is hardly of sufficiently high class to get more than a good one now and then, such as Trent and a few others, though his visiting-list has, invariably, been full, thanks to his owner's popularity, and to the old Queen Mary blood of the bay brown.

It seems extraordinary that the efforts now being made to place the Bentinck Benevolent Fund on a more satisfactory footing have only been responded to in very lukewarm style; and it would appear that the whole scheme requires recasting, so as to extend the sphere of its usefulness. It seems anomalous that with so rich and influential following as the Turf can boast that no effort has been made to establish a benefit society, to which all servants connected with training stables might be invited to contribute, so as to insure for themselves' help in the day of distress. No set of men are from habit more thoroughly careless and improvident than the class which such an institution would mainly serve, and the project only wants mooted among some of the leading spirits of the Jockey Club, to render it thoroughly popular as a charitable undertaking. The hunting men have come forward nobly to help towards raising a fund for their disabled or superannuated servants, which is found to work well, and surely racing men should not be backward in following so benevolent an example. As it is, we have more than one instance of a crack jockey, who has fallen from prosperity through no fault of his own, left to die like a dog in a ditch, and having no fund on which to draw in case of failing health. These are the class of persons least likely to save money, but they might be induced to contribute a small annual sum, and thus benefit by their thrift, in the hour of need. Admiral Rous's idea, adopted by the Jockey Club, of making all fines payable to the Bentinck Fund was well worthy of the attention it commanded, but some more substantial foundation is required than the contributions of delinquents, however useful these may be to swell the amount in hand. Concerning Colonel Alexander's motion respecting a lowest riding weight of 4st 7lb, it

is astonishing that a seconder could be found to advocate such retrogressive legislation, and we should have thought Colonel Forester the last man to stand in the gap with the proposer. However, we may reasonably predict a withdrawal of this remarkable proposition, after a winter's reflection by its authors. Croft has benefited by the change of quarters by King Lud from Moorlands to Aske, and Albert Victor now occupies one of the old-fashioned stallion-boxes in rear of the Spa Hotel, which have held so many distinguished tenants in the days when "something of Mr. Merry's" was sure to find a home there after his turf labours were at an end. Albert has a good deal of the Marsyas character about him, and what we have seen of his stock we rather like; and it may be remarked that he stands at just half the covering-fee of his younger brother, this sum representing the difference in value for stud purposes between a Derby first and second. No one who knows Mr. John Watson, of Waresley, can imagine the possibility of his existing without a thoroughbred sire, and accordingly Blinkhoolie has been succeeded by Cathedral, who has stood so long at Messrs. Barrow's place at Newmarket. One of the biggest of Newminster's get, this horse, like Lord Clifden, is the result of a cross with a Melbourne mare, and though none of his stock have as yet soared among the first flight, nearly everything by him earns a winning bracket, and there is no doubt of his ability to get stayers. Organist and Dalham are but little removed from first-class horses; and now that the attacks of rheumatism which have plagued Cathedral of late years have happily passed away with change of quarters, we see no reason why he should not do the stud good service. Freakness has at last been relegated to his proper sphere, and joins Barbillon at Easton Park, Suffolk, where he will have an opportunity of showing how size and bone are to be obtained, and how the degenerate British racehorse is to be improved. Twenty-five guineas is the modest sum demanded from those willing to try an infusion of American blood; but it is much to be lamented that he has not been reserved to have one more turn at the "darned Britisher," when he might at last have succeeded in winning his spurs.

At Liverpool a good start was made, and the Cup betting was progressing so smoothly that the "ancient and fish-like smell" which has so long hung about the purlieus of Aintree was deemed to have been dispelled by the "sweeter manners and purer laws" of modern racing society. However, Mr. Howett was equal to the occasion, and Activity straightway became the sensational animal in connection with the race. How it will end we cannot tell, but it is to be hoped that any further scandal may be avoided, though in any case the forestallers have been rash, to say the least of it. The owner of Activity is forming a large stud for his amusement during the winter, and he seems to have profited by the example of failures on the part of others, and to have made up his mind to start with the very best stock-in-trade, instead of trying on the pettifogging tactics of so many who have failed to realise the truth of the motto—*Ex nihilo nihil fit*. Upon the authority of the *World*, the Rylstone objection case is not to be permitted to ripen into a precedent; and there is some talk of Nisi Prius and horschair being called into requisition. As yet we have only heard one side of the story, and are inclined to pause for a reply; but there can be no doubt that upon the face of a reasonable construction of racing law, justice has not been done, and that the case should be re-opened. That "curled darling" of Turf society, Mr. Frail, will have it all his own way at Shrewsbury next week, and we cannot see that many are likely to stop the top weight in the Great Shropshire, unless Water Lily should have come back to her two-year-old form. With regard to the endless succession of nurseries and plates, no thought need be taken concerning their probable results until the numbers go up, and if even overnight prophets hazard their guesses reluctantly, how shall we be expected at this distance of time to assume the mantle of Cepys? So we will conclude, wishing the Conservative C.C. all the success which his "liberality and enterprise" duly merit.

SKYLARK.

MR. W. WYBROW ROBERTSON has been appointed Consulting Manager to the Royal Aquarium. This gentleman was the projector and originator of the undertaking, and was managing director until shortly after the opening of the building, when he resigned in consequence of a difference with some other of the directors. His unanimous appointment by the Inquiry Committee—appointed by the shareholders—in conjunction with the board of directors, sets at nought the base insinuations so freely bandied about at the time of this gentleman's retirement from the management. Mr. Robertson has commenced his duties by inaugurating a series of operatic and dramatic performances in the Royal Aquarium Theatre, to which life nominees will be admitted at half prices. Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performances will be given until Christmas. At Christmas, a grand pantomime will be produced. The public may now anticipate attractive entertainments; and the shareholders look forward to the prospect of a fair dividend on the capital they have invested.

BETWEEN three and four on Wednesday afternoon, considerable surprise was caused in the suburb of Hammersmith by the sudden appearance of a fine stag careering down the Shaftesbury-road, closely pursued by three hounds in chase. Neither huntsmen nor other hounds appeared in sight. The hunted animal continued its course past the Hammersmith Wesleyan Chapel down Rivercourt-road, where it leaped a high wall, alighting in the premises of an adjacent house, and then clearing two more walls, of not less than five feet each, in succession; it stood at bay in the corner of a piece of ground in the rear of an unfurnished house. By this time the huntsmen with the remainder of the pack had come up, and the stag was captured and taken to the stables of an adjacent tavern, where it was safely lodged. It appears that the hounds had met at Stanmore Marsh, and (with the stag) are the property of Mr. Nurse, of Colling Dale. The run seems to have been a good one of about 18 miles, mostly across country.

THE autumn racing at Auteuil commenced on Sunday with fair sport and a good attendance. Baron Finot's stable, which usually carries off the greater part of the prizes, did not enjoy its usual good fortune, and could only run second in the two steeplechases. The new confederacy of young sportsmen, which has adopted the assumed name of "M. James," had the honours of the day, and won both of the races in which its colours were represented. The chief event on the card was the Grand Prix d'Automne, for which all the ten left in started. The number was, however, soon reduced by the falling off of Dunette at the bank, and of Dragée at the river. At a furlong from home the half-bred Lord Sting was well in front, but when challenged on the flat failed to stay from want of quality, and did not finish among the first three, Count de St. Sauveur's Wild Monarch winning easily. The Military Hurdle Race gave rise to an objection against Sub-Lieutenant Poly's (4th Hussars) Page, which came in first, for not carrying the proper weight, and the result remains in abeyance.

LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Anv.]

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

WORCESTER AUTUMN MEETING—(Concluded).

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

A HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs; 5 fur.
Mr. Bowes's ch f Equanimity by Victorious out of Merry and Wise, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb Dodge 1
Mr. E. Etches's g by Suffolk out of Cheesecake, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb (inc 10lb extra) Glover 2
Mr. J. Richard's Dryad, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb H. Wyatt 2
Also ran: Lady of Avenel, 3 yrs, 6st Zillah, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb.
Betting: 6 to 4 agst Equanimity, 2 to 1 agst the Cheesecake gelding, and 5 to 1 agst Dryad. Won by half a length; bad third.

A HURDLE RACE of 30 sovs; one mile and a half, over six hurdles. Mr. E. Hobson's b g Pick Me Up by Saccharometer out of Prescription, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb F. Lynham 1
Mr. J. B. Oerton's Keepsake, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb S. Daniels 2
Mr. E. Hobson's Miss Alice, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb J. North 3
Also ran: West End, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb; Houbion, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb.
Betting: Even on Pick Me Up, 5 to 2 agst Keepsake, and 4 to 1 agst Houbion. Won by three lengths; four between second and third.

The DEERHURST NURSERY SELLING HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs, for two-year-olds; half a mile.

Mr. M. J. Severn's b f Delia by Paul Jones out of Sylvanie, 8st 9lb Dodge 1
Mr. W. G. Grace's f by Vedette, dam's pedigree unknown, 7st 10lb C. Willis 2
Mr. H. Grace's Royalty, 8st 5lb J. Macdonald 1
Betting: 5 to 4 on Delia, and 2 to 1 agst Royalty. Won by a neck; half a length between second and third.

The LADIES' PLATE of 30 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, 5 fur.; 8 subs.

Mr. E. Weever's br f Arista by The Palmer out of Minna by Buccaneer, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb (20 sovs) Keyte 1
Mr. Lawrence's Roquefort, aged, 8st 10lb (30) Glover 2
Mr. F. Lynham's Pemican, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (20) H. Wyatt 3
Also ran: Red Rose, 4 yrs, 8st (20); Woodcote, 6 yrs, 8st 3lb (20); Lilac, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb (20); Oria, 2 yrs, 7st (50); Porridge, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb (30).
Betting: 5 to 4 on Roquefort, 7 to 2 agst Red Rose, 6 to 1 agst Lilac, and 10 to 1 agst Pemican. Won easily by a length; a bad third. The winner was bought in for 52 guineas, and Pemican was sold to Mr. Tomlinson for 36.

The GRAND ANNUAL STEEPLE-CHASE, a Handicap Sweepstakes o 10 sovs each with 100 added; about three miles.

Mr. S. Davis's ch m Dewdrop by Wantage on Tit-bit, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb Mr. Bryce 1

Mr. J. Coupland's Royal Charlie, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb W. Reeves 2
Mr. R. I'Anson, jun's Last of the Novelists, aged, 12st Owner 3

Also ran: Roman Bee, aged, 12st 8lb; Sac, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Last of the Novelists, 7 to 2 agst Roman Bee, 4 to 1 agst Royal Charlie, and 5 to 1 each agst Sac and Dewdrop. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

The HUNTERS' SELLING RACE of 30 sovs each, with 30 added; two miles on the flat; 10 subs.

Mr. Pearson's Royston by Mousety out of Mochrie, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb (25 sovs) Mr. Lowe 1
Mr. Davis's Xanthe, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb (25) Mr. Tyler 1
Mr. Gommin's Blastus, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb (25) Mr. E. P. Wilson 3
Also ran: Ismael, aged, 12st 7lb (25); Armful, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb (25); Cloister, 5 yrs, 12st (25); Pirouette, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb (25).
Betting: 2 to 1 agst Ismael, 3 to 1 each agst Blastus and Pirouette, and 6 to 1 agst Royston. Won by a length and a half; a length between second and third. Pirouette broke down. Mr. Owen bought the winner for 120 guineas.

The YEOMANRY CUP (local) was won by Merry Bells, beating Lancet, Black Tom, and three others.

LINCOLN AUTUMN MEETING.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 60 sovs, and 5 for the second; about 2 miles, on the flat.

Mr. S. Fisher's b f Mrs. Sam, by Windham (h b), 4 yrs, 11st 2lb Mr. T. Price 1

Mr. J. E. Davey's b b Speculation, aged, 12st 7lb Mr. G. Walker 2
Mr. W. Pinder's ch g Clyde, 6 yrs, 12st 12lb Mr. Brewster 3

Also ran: Hippolyte, 4 yrs 1st 2lb; Arthur, 5 yrs, 13st 5lb; Gipsy, aged, 1st 2lb; Mite, 6 yrs, 1st.

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Mrs. Sam, 3 to 1 agst Arthur, 4 to 1 agst Mite, and 10 to 1 agst Speculation. Won by a length and a half; a bad third.

The ELSHAM WELFER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, 3 ft, with 80 added; the straight mile. 10 subs.

Mr. William's b c Monarch, by Lord Clifden—Microscope, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb F. Archer

Mr. R. Howett's b f Lady Clifton, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb Skelton

Mr. Hall's b g Sherwood, aged, 12st 2lb Fox

Mr. T. Green's Glyn, 3 yrs, 9st 3lb Bruckshaw

Mr. Houldsworth's His Grace, 6 yrs, 9st Parry

Betting: 2 to 1 each agst Lady Clifton and Monarch, and 6 to 1 each his Grace and Glyn. Won by a head; a bad third.

The DODDINGTON SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, for two-year-olds; a short half mile. 6 subs.

Mr. A. H. T. Newcomen's br c Warrenby, by The Palmer—Amine, 7st 12lb (£50) Horan 1

Mr. Sander's ch f Little Belle, 7st 7lb (£50) F. Archer 2

Mr. J. M. Richardson's b f Reredos, 7st 7lb (£50) Morby 3

Also ran: Maid of Saragossa, 7st 9lb (£50); Dneiper, 7st 12lb (£50).

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Little Belle, 5 to 2 agst Reredos. Won by half a length; a length between second and third.

The winner was sold to Mr. W. H. Manser for 200 guineas.

The LINCOLN AUTUMN HANDICAP of 150 sovs, added to 10 sovs each, 5 ft; second saved stake; about one mile and a half. 10 subs.

Mr. R. Howett's br f Munden, by Hanstead—Ambush, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb Skelton

Sir J. D. Astley's br h Scamp, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb Rossiter

Mr. T. Bingham's br c Fairy King, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb F. Archer

Mr. T. Melville's Stamford, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb Tomlinson

Mr. D. Wild's Wizard, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb Morby

Mr. Vynor's Ironstone, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb Morgan

Betting: 3 to 1 agst Munden, 4 to 1 each agst Stamford, Ironstone, and Fairy King, and 5 to 1 agst Wizard. Won by half a length; a length between second and third. Ironstone was fourth, and Wizard last.

The FOSSDYKE SELLING HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; winner to be sold for £100; about 6 fur., straight. 6 subs.

Mr. J. Core's b c Allerton, by Montagnard—Palmitine, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb (car 7st 9lb) F. Archer

Mr. A. Johnson's ch h Xanthus, aged, 8st 12lb Morby

Mr. J. M. Richardson's b c Northumbrian, 3 yrs, 9st 12lb Howey

The BROWNLOW NURSERY PLATE (Handicap) of 200 sovs; winners extra; about half a mile.
 Mr. T. Jennings's br f Plaisante, by Cymbal—Jeannette, 8st 3lb (inc 12lb ex).....F. Archer 1
 Mr. J. Crick's b f Neruda, 1st 10lbLemaire 2
 Mr. Chaplin's ch f by Hermit—Yarra-Yarra, 7st 3lbF. Jeffery 3
 Mr. Longstaff's Fanny Day, 8st 7lbT. Chalmer 1
 Mr. Stafto's Diana, 7st 3lbHoran 0
 Mr. Hall's Lady Palmer, 7stCarlisle 0
 Mr. T. Green's Princess Alice, 8st 3lbSharpe 0
 Mr. J. Houghton's George Eliot, 7st 7lb (car 8st 8lb)Weston 0
 Mr. J. A. Lowe's Vindictive, 8st 2lb (car 8st 3lb)Morgan 0
 Betting: 5 to 2 at first 7 to 4 agst the Yarra-Yarra filly; 3 to 1 agst Fanny Day, 5 to 1 agst Plaisante, 6 to 1 agst Neruda, and 10 to 1 agst Princess Alice. Won in a canter by a length; four between second and third. George Eliot, Fanny Day, and Princess Alice were altogether just behind the third, with Vindictive and Diana in the rear.

The HAINTON PLATE of 200 sovs; about 6 fur, straight.

Sir J. D. Astley's b f Bridget, by Hermit—Bertha, 3 yrs, 6st 5lbLemaire 1
 Lord Hartington's br m Sweet Note, 5 yrs, 7st 7lbHuxtable 2
 Mr. Crook's b h Rouen, aged, 6stHowey 3
 Captain Haworth's Rowston, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (inc 1lb ex)Horan 0
 Mr. R. Howett's Lady Clifton, 4 yrs, 6st 6lbSpooner 0
 Betting: 5 to 2 agst Rouen, 100 to 30 each agst Bridget and Sweet Note, and 9 to 2 agst Rowston. Won easily by a length; same between second and third. Rowston, close up, was fourth.

The PELHAM SELLING STAKES of 100 sovs, added to 5 sovs each; winner to be sold for £40; about 5 fur.

Mr. J. Core's b c Allerton, by Montagnard—Palmitine, 3 yrs, 9st 1lbF. Archer 1
 Mr. T. Stone's bl m Athelney, aged, 9st 6lbHeslop 2
 Mr. J. Saunders's ch f Little Bell, 2 yrs, 7stF. Jeffery 3
 Mr. Garratt's Dneiper, 2 yrs, 7st 4lbCarlisle 0
 Betting: Even on Allerton, and 7 to 4 agst Athelney. Won by half a length; bad third. The winner was sold to Mr. Shaw for 120 guineas.

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE PLATE of 100 sovs; winners extra; 2 miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. A. Johnson's br m Grand Duchess, by Ivanhoff—Strategy, 4 yrs, 10st 6lbMr. Brockton 1
 Mr. T. Acklam's ch m Lady Gosling, 6 yrs, 10st 9lbMr. Cunningham 2
 Mr. G. W. Morris's b g Licorice, 6 yrs, 1st 10lbElliott 3
 Betting: Even on Grand Duchess, 7 to 4 agst Lady Gosling, and 100 to 15 agst Licorice. Won easily by six lengths; a bad third.

The TALLY-HOO STEEPLCHASE PLATE of 100 sovs, and 5 for the second, for hunters; about 3 miles.

Mr. W. A. Johnson's b g Grattan (late Charley), by Irish Statesman, aged, 10st 12lbMr. Brockton 1
 Mr. R. Hygott's b g Six Hills, 5 yrs, 12st 4lbMr. L. Nicholson 2
 Mr. R. Brook's ch g Investment, aged, 10st 6lbMr. R. Walker 3
 Also ran: Minar, aged, 12st 3lb; Robert de Todene, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb (car, 1st 10lb); Penelope, 5 yrs, 1st 10lb.

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Grattan, 3 to 1 agst Minar, and 5 to 1 Six Hills. Won by three lengths; a bad third.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 200 guineas; about 2 miles.

Duke of Hamilton's b c Charon, by Hermit—Barrettina, 3 yrs, 8st 6lbRoxsiter 1
 Mr. T. Jennings's b f Lady Malden, 3 yrs, 8st 6lbParry 2
 Mr. T. Bingham's b h St. Patrick, 5 yrs, 9st 10lbNorbury 3
 Mr. T. Green's Glym, 3 yrs, 8st 9lbBruckshaw 0
 Mr. Hencage's Just-in-Time, 3 yrs, 8st 6lbF. Archer 0
 Betting: 100 to 30 on Charon, and 6 to 1 agst Lady Malden. Won by a neck; a bad third. Just-in-Time did not pass the post.

LEWES NOVEMBER MEETING.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

The TOWN PLATE (Handicap) of 70 sovs; T.Y.C. (about 5 fur.)

Mr. W. Bevill's br f Victrix, by King Victor, dam by Ion—Rhedyicina, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb (inc 7lb ex)H. Jeffery 1
 Mr. W. H. Harvey's b f Medora, 3 yrs, 7st 10lbLuke 2
 Mr. Brill's b m Perseverance, 5 yrs, 8st 5lbClay 3

Also ran: Farnsfield, 5 yrs, 9st (inc 7lb ex); Banshee, 6 yrs, 8st 9lb; Glenmarkie, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb; Black Forest, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb; Cowslip, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb; Rosewater, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb.

Betting: 4 to 1 agst Glenmarkie, 9 to 2 agst Medora, 5 to 1 agst Rosewater, 6 to 1 agst Farnsfield, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a head; a length between second and third.

The CASTLE STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 35 added; T.Y.C. (about 5 fur.) 6 subs.

Mr. Hunt's b h Spectator by Speculum—Sham Fight, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb (L50)Aldridge 1
 Mr. Mannington's b f Mariosch, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb (L50)Wainwright 2
 Betting: 3 to 1 on Spectator, who won by half a length. The winner was sold to Mr. T. J. Clifford for 85 guineas.

The LEWES AUTUMN HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added; 1 mile, 10 subs.

Mr. T. J. Clifford's b c Sir Hugh, by The Duke—Chillianwallah, 4 yrs, 8st 10lbC. Archer 1
 Mr. Bryant's ch f Hestia, 4 yrs, 7stWainwright 2
 Mr. Bryson's ch c Herald, 4 yrs, 7st 5lbLuke 3

Also ran: Worcester, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb; Juvenis, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb; Merodach, 6 yrs, 7st 12lb; c by Blair Athol—Ellermire, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb.

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Sir Hugh, 4 to 1 agst Merodach, 5 to 1 each agst Herald and Hestia, 10 to 1 agst Worcester, and 100 to 6 agst the Ellermire colt. Won by three-quarters of a length; a length and a half divided second and third.

The MILE SELLING RACE of 5 sovs each, with 35 added; 1 mile, 14 subs.

Mr. J. Billinghurst's b g Birbeck, by Trumpeter—Hepatica, 5 yrs, 9st 6lb (L100)Macksey 1
 Mr. Hardinge's bl g St. Bees, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb (L100)C. Archer 2
 Mr. H. Hobson's b c Vanguard, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb (L70)R. Wyatt 0

Also ran: Cartel, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb (L70); Atalanta, 2 yrs, 6st 6lb (car, 6st 11lb); Lord Dover, 5 yrs, 9st 9lb (L70); Siva, 2 yrs, 6st 6lb (L70); Mabel, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb (L70); Teuton, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb (L70); Snowdrop, 6 yrs, 9st 4lb (L70); Paganini—Olden Times, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (L70); Glaucus, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb (L70); Fate, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb (L70).

Betting: 4 to 1 agst Birbeck, 5 to 1 agst Lord Dover, 100 to 15 each agst Vanguard and St. Bees, and 100 to 8 each agst Atalanta, Olden Times filly, and Glaucus. Won by three lengths; three-quarters of a length divided second and third. The winner was bought in for 220 guineas.

The TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; T.Y.C. (about 5 fur.).

Mr. W. Cambridge's b c Hockerill, by Gladiateur—Moonlight, 8st 2lb (L100)Constable 1
 Mr. E. Caswell's b f Miss Ferriby, 8st 6lb (L200)Mordan 2
 Mr. J. Nightingall's br f Maybell, 7st 13lb (L100)Weedon 3
 Mr. T. J. Monk's Agitation, 8st 4lb (L100)C. Archer 0

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Hockerill, 3 to 1 agst Miss Ferriby, and 5 to 1 agst Maybell. Won easily by a length and a half; a neck divided second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. W. Shee for 310 guineas.

HURDLE HANDICAP RACE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, with 50 added; one mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles. 16 subs.

Mr. Vane's br c Melrose, by St. Albans—Blue Bell, 4 yrs, 11st 6lbMr. Crawshaw 1
 Captain Paget's b c Friar Tuck, 4 yrs, 12st (inc 7lb ex)Jones 2
 Mr. T. Goldby's b f Agnes Peel, 5 yrs, 10st 7lbJ. Prince 3

Also ran: Crinoline, 4 yrs, 12st; Kuluna, aged, 11st 7lb; Lord Colney, aged, 10st 4lb.

Betting: 6 to 4 on Friar Tuck, 6 to 1 each agst Melrose and Agnes Peel, and 100 to 8 "bar three." Won by half a length; a bad third.

SELLING HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 30 added; one mile and a half, over six flights. 12 subs.

Mr. Fitzroy's b h Ratcatcher, by Y. Monarque—Pauvre Minette, aged, 12st (L100)Mr. Crawshaw 1
 Mr. Fitzroy's b c Elliott, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb (L100)Jones 2

Also ran: Sarcolite, aged, 11st 7lb (L50); Mallard, 3 yrs, 10st (L50); Lord Eldon, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb (L100); Dunois, aged, 12st (L100); Gladiali, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (L100). Fleurage, 4 yrs, 11st (L50) (Potter—disqualified).

Mr. Fitzroy declared to win with Ratcatcher.

Betting: 6 to 5 on Ratcatcher, 4 to 1 agst Fleurage, 8 to 1 agst Sarcolite, 8 to 1 (at first 6 to 4) agst Elliott, and 10 to 1 agst Mallard. Fleurage won a fine race by a head; Elliott was a bad third, Sarcolite fourth, Mallard fifth, and Lord Eldon last. The winner was objected to for having been disqualified in Belgium, and the race was subsequently awarded to Ratcatcher, who on the following day was put up to auction, and bought in for 300 guineas.

FRIDAY.

SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP of 50 sovs, for two year olds, added to sweepstakes of 5 sovs each; winner to be sold for £70; half a mile.

Mr. R. Coombes's ch f Bilboquet (late Courtenay), by Optimist—La Belle Feronniere, 1st 10lbWeedon 1
 Mr. Mannington's er c Strathnairn, 7st 1lb (car 7st 1lb)C. Archer 2
 Mr. R. Porter's b Stone Crop, est (car 8st 1lb)J. Jarvis 3
 Lord St. Vincent's Evelyn, 7stChesterman 0

Mr. J. Goater, jun.'s b f Blinkhoolie—The Wren, 7st (car 7st 1lb)Skinner 0

Betting: 3 to 1 each agst Evelyn and Bilboquet, 4 to 1 agst Strathnairn, and 5 to 1 agst Stone Crop. Won by half a length; a bad third. The winner was not sold, but The Wren filly was disposed of to Mr. Anthony for 10 guineas, and Stone Crop to Mr. A. Reeves for 25 guineas.

The SOUTHDOWN CLUB WELTER PLATE (Handicap) of 50 sovs; T.Y.C. (about 5 fur).

Mr. Welphy's b m Miss Patrick, by Knight of St. Patrick—Gay Lass, 5 yrs, 12st 7lbMr. Crawshaw 1
 Mr. Brill's b m Perseverance, 5 yrs, 12st 9lbMr. Norman 2

Lord St. Vincent's br c Edward III., 3 yrs, 11st 5lbMr. Bevill 3

Mr. E. Duko's Moatlands, 4 yrs, 12st 10lbMr. F. G. Hobson 0

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Miss Patrick, 2 to 1 agst Perseverance, 1 to 1 agst Edward III., and 8 to 1 agst Moatlands. Won by a head; a mile between second and third.

SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 50 sovs each, 2 ft, with 25 added; winner to be sold for £70; one mile and a half, over six flights. 9 subs.

Mr. Fitzroy's b h Ratcatcher, by Young Monarque—Pauvre Minette, aged, 12st 7lbJ. Jones 1

Mr. W. Hughes's ch c Lord Eldon, 3 yrs, 10st 7lbBaverstock 2

Mr. Nichol's b g Sarcolite, aged, 11st 10lbHales 3

Also ran: Dunois, aged, 12st; Emmeline, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb; Bailiff, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb; Cartel, 3 yrs, 10st.

Betting: Even on Ratcatcher, 3 to 1 agst Cartel, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won easily by three lengths; four lengths divided second and third. Emmeline fell three hurdles from home, and Cartel came to grief at the next obstacle. The winner was bought in for 250 guineas.

The NURSERY STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 70 added. T.Y.C. (about 5 fur.)

Mr. Fultoney's br f Placida, by Lord Lyon—Pieta, 9st 4lbH. Jeffery 1

Mr. C. Fletcher's rc b Kilmarnock, 7st 9lbC. Archer 2

Mr. T. Vale's f b Queen's Own, 7st 7lb (inc 7lb ex)Chesterman 3

Also ran: Ellerton, 7st 9lb (car, 7st 10lb); Ancient Mariner 7st; Lady Westwick, 7st; Wild Basil, 7st; Loafer, 6st 10lb; Abel Miss, 6st 7lb.

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Placida, 5 to 1 agst Kilmarnock, 6 to 1 each agst Queen's Own, Loafer, and 25 to 1 agst Ancient Mariner, 6 to 1 each agst Westwick. Won in a canter by three lengths; three lengths; a bad third.

The SOUTHOVER STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 35 added. T.Y.C.

Mr. Bryson's ch f Lyceum, by Oxford—Thala, by Newminster, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (L50)Constable 1

Mr. Ellerton's ch f Half-Caste, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb (L50)Weedon 2

Mr. T. Cannon's b f Good Thing, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb (L50)J. Watts 3

Also ran: Mariosc, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb (L50); Evelyn, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb (L50); Forest Queen, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (L50); Clement, 2 yrs, 7st 9lb (L50); Mrs. Willows, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb (L50).

Betting: 5 to 10 to 1 agst Placida, 5 to 10 to 1 agst Half-Caste and Miss Ferriby, and 6 to 10 to 1 agst Good Thing. Won in a canter by a length; the same between second and third. The winner was bought in for 355 guineas.

The GRAND SEFTON STEEPELCHASE of 200 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft; second received 25 sovs. Three

Captain Machell's Congress, by Compromise—Countess, aged, 12st 7lb

Lord Downe's Earl Marshal, 5 yrs, 10st 11lbMr. Spence 2

Mr. Gilliat's Gazelle, aged, 10st 12lbJones 3

Also ran: Belinda, 3 yrs, 9st 11lb (L50); Princess Alice, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (L50); Macadam, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb (L50); Athelney, aged, 9st 9lb (L50); Forest Queen, 2 yrs, 7st 10lb (L50); Clement, 2 yrs, 7st 10lb (L50); Mrs. Willows, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb (L50).

Betting: 5 to 10 to 1 agst Polby, 3 to 10 to 1 agst Princess Alice, 10 to 10 to 1 each agst Kiser, Equanimity, Rouge Bonnet, and Reveillon, 10 to 10 to 1 each agst Sweetheart. Won by a neck; half a length between second and third.

The WEDNESDAY PLATE of 100 sovs; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Five furlongs.

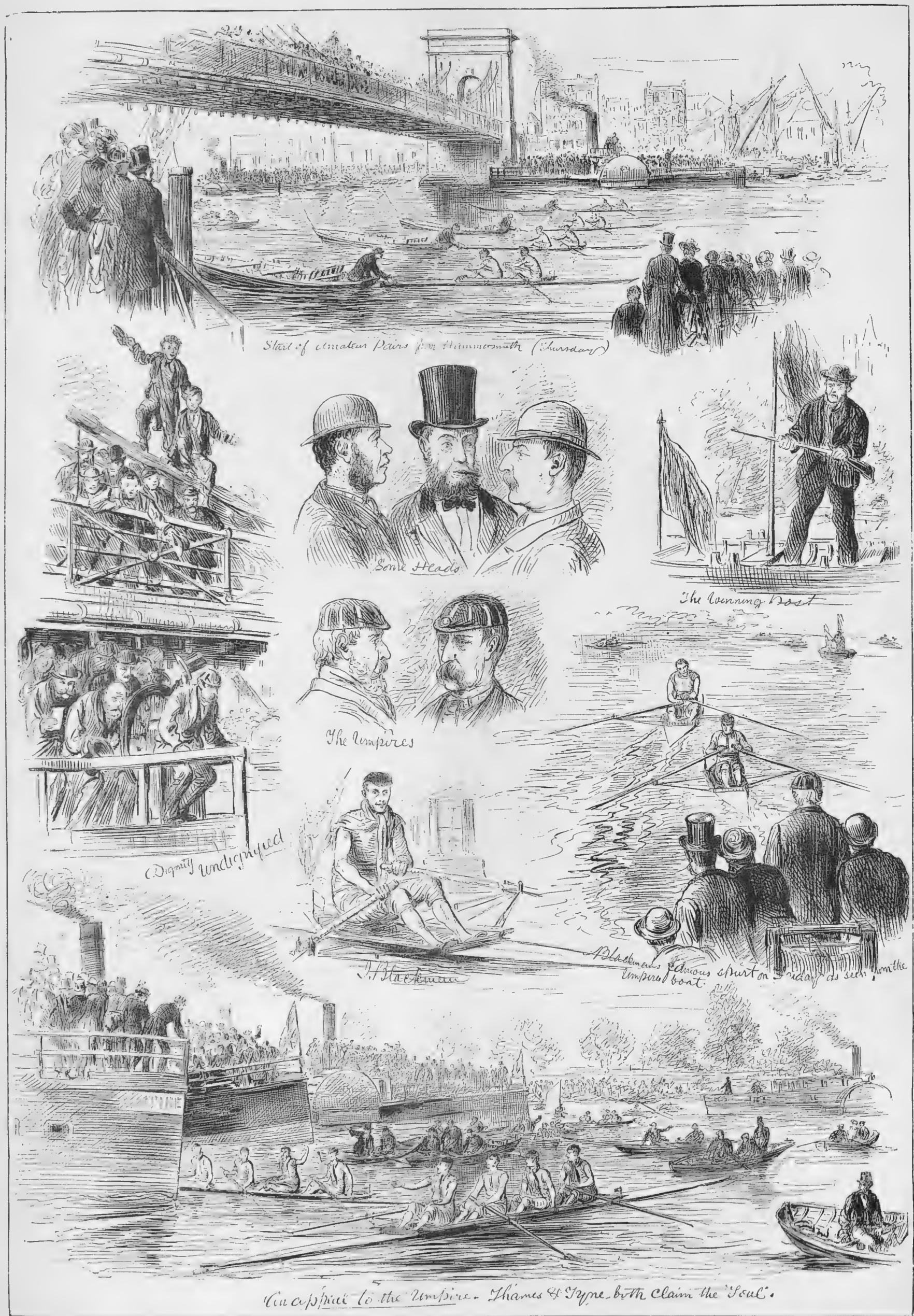
Mr. R. Peck's Policy, by General Peel—Politis, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb (L50)

Captain Machell's Segura, 2 yrs, 7st 10lb (L50)F. Webb 1

Mr. J. W. Welphy's Miss Patrick, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb (L50)F. Archer 2

Also ran: Belinda, 3 yrs, 9st 11lb (L50); Princess Alice, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (L50); Macadam, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb (L50); Athelney, aged, 9st 9lb (L50); Forest Queen, 2 yrs, 7st 10lb (L50); Clement, 2 yrs, 7st 10lb (L50); Mrs. Willows, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb (L50).

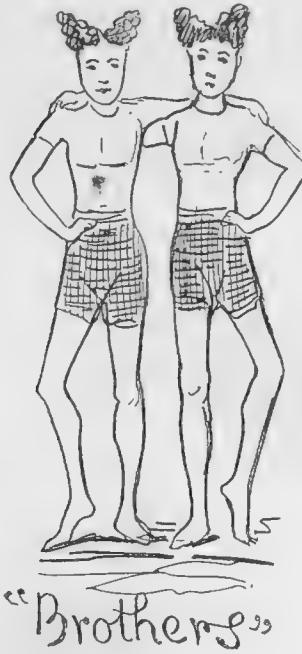
Betting: 5 to 10 to 1 agst Polby, 3



OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

FOR obvious reasons, at the Court Theatre the elements which first challenge the notice of the critic are the stage-fittings and decorations, the play and the actors being thereby forced into secondary importance.

The elaborate mounting which is customary in the Court and another theatre is worthy of some consideration. The first exclamation which it always elicits from the unthinking multitude is—"Oh, how artistic!" Now, I fancy it can with little difficulty be demonstrated that it is, in truth, the reverse of artistic, and is



the outcome of a mistaken theory. To arrange the *mise en scène* of a theatre from the painter's studio point of view is a short-sighted and erroneous policy. Even your scene-painter, as a rule, is, of all people in a theatre, the one who requires most supervision. Seeing everything from his own standpoint, he is constantly liable to exuberance in the matter of detail. It does not occur to him that his little freaks of fancy in the shape of built out scenery will interfere with the free movements of the actors; he only thinks of his pretty scene. In this respect, at the Court Theatre, there is no fault to be found. It is rather the redundancy of furniture, the obtrusive profusion of ornament and bric-a-brac, that afford cause for objection. Of themselves, these things are probably elegant and in good taste; but it must be remembered that, on the stage, everything should serve as a mere background to the figures, and if breadth be sacrificed to detail, the spectator's attention is constantly distracted from the play, and his interest disturbed. Although the strongest of those modern painters who,



the days of their adolescence, composed the pre-raphaelite brotherhood, soon abjured their blind devotion to detail, and adopted a broader and more harmonious faith, yet it cannot be denied that in pictorial art the excessive elaboration of minutiae has a charm of its own. But the stage of a theatre and the canvas of the painter are two different mediums of representation, although the manager of the Court Theatre would seem to imagine that anything which can be done on the one can be done on the other with equal harmony and artistic effect. A painting one can linger over, and at one's leisure discover and admire its numberless exquisite details, but to put a Meissonnier background to a living drama is needlessly to oppose two artistic exhibitions, which cannot fairly be appreciated simultaneously. It is an *embarras de richesses* at the Court which dazzles and distracts the attention. And the attention of the playgoer should be absorbed by one

thing only, and "the play's the thing." If, indeed, the play be a dull one, it may be some consolation to have the opportunity afforded one of examining with an opera-glass the contents of a bric-a-brac dealer's shop. Nobody, however, goes to the theatre in order to see a dull play, nor to examine artistic furniture with an opera-glass.

Do not let it be supposed that I mean to say that Mr. Charles Coghlan's new comedy, at the Court Theatre, is a dull play. Whatever other faults are to be found with the work, no one can charge it with dulness. On the contrary, it gives still further and unmistakable evidence of Mr. Coghlan's lively talent as a writer of comedy-dialogue. It is strange though that he, having, as an actor, practical experience of the stage and its inexorable exigencies should, like an ordinary literary man, ignore those exigencies, and run riot in his incidents and dialogue, to the utter subversion of all the laws of dramatic construction. Yet so it is. *Brothers* is more like a few chapters of some interesting and smartly written novel, loosely strung together, than a properly-digested, well-considered play. This disregard of dramatic construction is the only serious mistake Mr. Coghlan has

however, is exhibited by Mr. Hare, Mr. Kelly, and Mr. Anson. The first gives a polished and thoughtful portrait of the blasé novel reading baronet, albeit the character of Sir Francis Mere-dith, as the author develops it, is painfully disappointing. As the two old brother officers, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Anson are equally and decidedly good. Mr. Deane and Mr. Denison, as a



Miss Ellen Terry as a Pre-Raphaelite Study.

made. I am not disposed to find fault with the types he has chosen to depict. For they are all evidently carefully considered studies from society as it exists. There can be no doubt, however, that any author who indulges in the cynical vein upon the stage does so at the peril of his popularity. Mankind and womankind are bad enough in all conscience. The daily newspapers never fail to remind us of that. But bad as they are, there is in the worst some yearning after an ideal heroism, and each of us has in his heart of hearts painted a flattering portrait of himself, which represents what he would be if he could. At the theatre, above all other places, do human creatures like to see ideal humanity represented. The dramatist may clothe his figures how he likes; and it pleases the people to see characters who love and talk like unto themselves, but if he wishes to touch the popular heart he must, as the children say, "make-believe" that truth, honour, love, and friendship are the usual characteristics of the human race, and "not a pastoral fable." Mr. Coghlan has studied too closely perhaps the Parisian school of social comedy, though possibly he might have acquired his tone of cynicism from Congreve, for the matter of that. The heroine of *Brothers*, Kate Hungerford, is evidently the conception of character upon which the play was built, and the author has bestowed such evident care upon her, that it seems ungrateful to say that she is the real blemish in the piece. Perhaps if the part were acted with a less studied affectation than Miss Ellen Terry displays in it, it might have some touch of sympathy to arouse the interest of a British audience, but Miss Terry seems so entirely occupied in acting up to the artistic accessories amongst which she is placed, that she has no time to display natural emotion. Mr. Conway, in the rather difficult part of Fred Seymour, manages to invest the character with a geniality not its own, but which, nevertheless, renders it somewhat more engaging than it really is. The really natural acting in the play,

as the bankrupt old Irish nobleman, and Mr. Kelly, as the good humoured parvenu of the same country, are both as good as ever. Very few one-act pieces bear so well seeing twice as *A Quiet Rubber*.



French waiter and a German student, both irrelevant to the comedy, play their small parts excellently; while Mrs. Gaston Murray and Miss Hollingshead make the most of the small opportunities afforded them. Indeed, the acting in *Brothers* is all of a high class, and the writing in the comedy is excellent. It is faulty construction that mars the harmony of the whole. At more than one important juncture of the play the principal characters all seem as if they were trying to while away a tedious half hour, waiting for the dinner-gong to sound.

Brothers is followed by *A Quiet Rubber*, a little piece in which Mr. Coghlan's skill achieves more satisfactory results. Mr. Hare,



THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE four hundred and eighty-four works which are exhibited this year under the management of the Committee of the Dudley Gallery, include a number of pictures of undoubted merit, some by practised hands, and many by the rising men of the British School. In "A Common" (No. 2), by Mr. Claude Calthrop, we are glad to see the artist dealing with a phase of nature he would have done well to have kept himself more *en rapport* with these years past. Since he took the gold (historical) medal of the Royal Academy, Mr. Calthrop has suffered himself to be cast about by all sorts of winds of art-doctrine; to the end that his admirers, who are many, have not known where to have him. His power is unquestionable, but his manner of exercising it, in the last degree capricious. Mr. Arthur Hill's "Andromeda" (No. 6), is a creditable bit of studio-work, but it is not *Andromeda*. Mr. Hill is too ambitious. In a certain groove of prettiness he is at home; we have seen certain single-figure studies of his worthy of any gallery; but he has yet to learn the art of painting the nude in the grand old manner. Mr. Sheldon Williams, who is seldom anything but good in the line that he has adopted, is favorably represented by "The First Cub of the Season," (9), a clever picture that should commend itself to the notice of all hunting men. Mr. Henry Moore's "Misty Morning on the Coast," (18), is painted with that rare knowledge of wave-forms, and in the cold key which distinguish all the master's native essays. In this neighbourhood, too, we notice a work by Mr. Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., "A Calm on the Maas, Holland," (28), that is in every respect admirable. Although figure-subjects are not the strong point of the exhibition, Mr. Percy Macquoid's "Girl of Pont Aven," compares favorably with the remainder of the contributions of the same class. "Willows by the Ouse, Yorkshire," by Mr. Alfred Parsons, (53), is a well-painted landscape, the pastoral sentiment of which is nicely felt throughout. In fact, we like this little work quite as well as, if not rather better than the more important picture, numbered 56, for the title of which the artist has borrowed the couplet—

"Russet lawns and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray."

We have seen landscapes from the masterly hand of Mr. E. Waterlow that we liked better than "Salt Marshes—Showery Weather," (57); but, so long as he is wedded to a representation of the most dolorous aspects of this variable climate, we suppose we must not grumble. The "brush-power" of the artist, to say nothing of his knack of fixing on the canvas the more evanescent changes which pass over the face of nature—is undeniable. The whole of Mr. Waterlow's contributions are clever, and calculated to increase one's interest in his future. We have a peculiar interest in "Twins," by Mr. H. S. Marks, A.R.A., inasmuch as we have, thanks to the gracious permission of the artist, been enabled to arrange for its re-production in the Christmas number of this journal. Quoting Mr. H. S. Leigh, Mr. Marks elucidates his intention thus—

"In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin;
It reached an awful pitch,
For one of us was born a twin
And not a soul knew which."

The artist has done few things happier than this. The execution is free in manner, if somewhat chalky, but as a humorous design the work is quite worthy of the painter of "Toothache in the Middle Ages." Mr. Marks's landscape studies, especially "An Old Pier," are admirable. It is interesting to find Mr. Yeames, A.R.A., in a happy vein, as he certainly is in "Moonlight" (28), an old-world theme—as he has dealt with it—rendered in the artist's best-loved manner. But we must for the present pause in our cursory inspection of works in the Dudley Gallery.

THE MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.—By a reference to an advertisement on another page, it will be seen that the winter programme of the above club abounds in attractions of a remarkably solid character. As the prizes are valuable, the ground (at Hendon) perfect, and the management unexceptionable, a successful season may be anticipated.

MR. R. SOUTH'S GRAND DUCHESS OPERA BOUFFE COMPANY.—From a batch of Birmingham journals which have been forwarded to us it is evident that Mr. South's success in that town is to the full as brilliant as it had been in Bristol. The notices (from which we hope next week to make some excerpts) are uniformly laudatory. While, however, every critic has his especial favorite amongst the performers, all the critics are agreed that the scenery, dresses, appointments, could not be excelled, and Mr. South's management in front of the house everything that could be desired. *On dit* that the fortunate *impresario* has discovered a gem in the person of a young, pretty, and talented *prima donna*, who is entirely unknown to the London stage.

THE "SHAUGHRAUN."—At the Vice-Chancellor's Court on Thursday, notice having been given on behalf of Mr. Dion Boucicault that an application would be made to Vice-Chancellor Malins for an injunction to restrain Mr. Chatterton from infringing Mr. Boucicault's copyright by playing *The Shaughraun* at the Adelphi Theatre or elsewhere, Mr. Glasse, Q.C. (with whom was Mr. Romer), as counsel for Mr. Boucicault, now stated that affidavits on the defendant's side had been filed only to-day. He desired to cross-examine witnesses of the defendant, and therefore proposed that the matter should stand over till the motion day in next week. Mr. Higgins, Q.C., Mr. Terrell, and Mr. Poulter, of the Common Law Bar, appeared for Mr. Chatterton. It was arranged that the case should stand over accordingly.

TRADE MARK.

"ELECTRICITY IS LIFE."

GALVANISM.—NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF IMPAIRED VITAL ENERGY.—A PAMPHLET on Self-Applicable Electricity, demonstrating the most effectual, rational, and simple galvanic treatment of nervous and rheumatic pains, debility, indigestion, nervousness, paralysis, neuralgia, epilepsy, cramp, functional disorders, &c., as realised exclusively by the use of PULVERMACHER'S IMPROVED PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS, and POCKET SELF-RESTORABLE CHAIN BATTERIES, &c. Approved by the Academie de Medecine, Paris: the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c.; substantiated by medical reports and authenticated testimonials, including Sir C. Locock, Bart., M.D., Sir William Ferguson, Bart., Sir J. R. Martin, Bart., M.D., Dr. A. Clark, Physician to the London Hospital. This pamphlet (sent post free) treats "why" and "wherefore" these galvanic arrangements have proved most efficacious, even in cases where other electrical apparatus and ordinary medical treatment have been tried in vain, especially in those ailments resulting from deficiency of vital electricity in the affected organs.

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

THAMES INTERNATIONAL REGATTA:

THIS regatta, which was commenced on Thursday, was concluded on Saturday, when the final heats in most of the principal events were brought to a most satisfactory conclusion. The main feature of the regatta, in which it differed from its predecessors, resided in the fact of prizes being open to all classes of competitors. Boat racing having previously been confined to exclusive clubs and watermen. So successful has the regatta thus altered, proved, that Captain Pelly, R.N., announced in his speech at the luncheon which took place during the afternoon on board the "Prince Teck," that in the Second International Regatta that would take place during next summer, as much as £2,500 would be given away in prizes, a sum sufficiently large to make it worth the while for any foreign crew to cross not only the Channel, but even the Atlantic, to try conclusions with men of the same class of society as themselves in this country.

FIRST DAY.

CHAMPION FOOURS—first prize, £100; second, £20; third, £10—First Heat (Putney to Chiswick Eyot).—Newcastle—R. Bagnall, R. Hepplewhite, W. Lumsden, R. W. Boyd (stroke)—first. Folkestone—W. Wetherhead, E. Wetherhead, H. Marshall, J. O'Leary (stroke)—second. Tyne four led at Hammersmith by eighty yards, eventually winning easily by quite 100 yards. Second Heat (Putney to Chiswick Eyot).—Thames R.C.—T. Green, H. Thomas, J. H. Sadler, J. Higgins (stroke)—first. Hammersmith R.C.—G. Tarryer, H. Kelley, J. Anderson, W. Biffen (stroke)—second. Plough R.C.—J. Cobbett, S. Clark, A. J. Bishop, E. Moore (stroke)—o. Higgins crew passed under Hammersmith Bridge four lengths ahead, finally winning as they liked by eight lengths; the Plough was outpaced throughout. Third Heat.—Biffen's crew, first; Folkestone crew, second; Plough crew, third. This race was between the losing boat of the first heat and the second and third boats of the second heat, to decide which was to row in the final. Biffen's were the favourites.

AMATEUR EIGHTS.—Thames R.C.—J. W. Bashford, W. B. Giles, W. Page, C. C. Creame, W. L. Slater, J. A. M. Robertson, R. H. Labat, J. H. Hastic (stroke); E. A. Safford (cox.), first; Thames R.C.—H. Nicholls, E. C. Otter, E. C. Rye, S. Smelt, J. Maycock, W. Notebohm, J. W. Hughes, A. Radmall (stroke); Highton (cox.), second.

CHAMPION PAIRS.—First Heat (Putney to upper end of Chiswick Eyot).—W. Lumsden and R. W. Boyd (stroke), first; R. Bagnall and R. Hepplewhite (stroke), second; G. Piper and G. Winsley (stroke), o. Second Heat.—T. Green and H. Thomas (stroke), first; W. Wetherhead and J. O'Leary (stroke), second; W. Biffen and H. Kelly (stroke), o.

AMATEUR PAIRS.—Thames R.C.—J. A. M. Robertson and J. Hastic (stroke)—first; London R.C.—S. Le. B. Smith and F. L. Playford (stroke)—second; London R.C.—F. S. Gulston and Trower—o; Molesley B.C.—F. D. Leader and F. H. M. Leader (stroke)—o. Won by rather over two lengths.

SECOND DAY.

TRADESMEN'S EIGHTS.—First Heat (first two in each heat to row in the final): Southwark Alliance, first; Sons of the Thames, second; Antelope, third; Moore, o. A very fine race all the way, won by a length and a quarter; three lengths between second and third, and the same third and fourth. Second Heat: Alliance, first; Royal Engineers, second; Surrey United, third; Queens' Printers, o. This was an easy victory for the Alliance, who led from start to finish.

CHAMPION SCULLS.—First Heat (Putney to Chiswick Eyot): R. W. Boyd, first; J. H. Sadler, second; W. Lumsden, disq. Boyd finished half a dozen lengths ahead from Sadler, who was separated from Lumsden by twice that distance. Second Heat (Putney to Chiswick): J. Anderson, first; G. Tarryer, o; W. Spencer, o. Anderson passed the post alone. Third Heat: J. Blackman, first; J. Higgins, second; E. Eagers, o; A. Strong, o. Blackman finished in front by a length and a half.

TRADESMEN'S FOOURS.—First Heat: Nine Elms United, first; Surrey United, second; United Bookbinders, o. Nine Elms paddling in the winners by four lengths. Second Heat: Alexandra, first; Vulcan Temperance, second; Crown United, third; Wandsworth, o. Alexandra won by three lengths. Third Heat: Defiance, first; Swan United, second; Albany United, third; Livingstone, o. Won easily by six lengths.

CHAMPION PAIRS.—(Final Heat.) Lumsden and Boyd, (1); Green and Thomas, (2); Bagnall and Hepplewhite, (3); Wetherhead and O'Leary, (o). Boyd and Lumsden won a magnificent race by two lengths, Bagnall and his partner easing up towards the close, and finishing a very bad third.

The racing on Saturday commenced with the final heat for the sculls, the four competitors being R. W. Boyd, of Gateshead, who had the Surrey shore station; T. Blackman, of Dulwich, next; J. Anderson, of Hammersmith, No. 3; and Joe Sadler, the champion, on the Middlesex shore.

Exactly at five minutes past two all four men were despatched to a capital start by Mr. Ireland. Sadler went off with the lead, but Boyd soon picked up, and at the point led by three lengths, Sadler being second, about one length ahead of Blackman. Boyd passed the post an easy winner by one length; Blackman being second, and Anderson third. Time being 13 min. 47 sec.

The next race was the final heat for the AMATEUR FOOURS. The crews being as follows:—Thames, (Red, Black, and White).—R. H. Labat (bow), J. A. M. Robertson, W. L. Slater, J. Hastic (stroke);—London (Blue and White).—L. Le Blanc Smith (bow), F. S. Gulston, A. Trower, F. Playford (stroke).—Moulsley (Black and White).—F. D. Leader (bow), P. Hermon, E. Slade, F. H. M. Leader (stroke). This race proved to be a very hollow affair. The London four soon got a long way a-head, and, rowing on very easily, won by five lengths, the Thames boat being

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per dozen, produced from one of the finest grapes grown in Spain; recommended with confidence. Railways paid.—HENRY BRETT and Co., 26 and 27, High Holborn.

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No. 131,422; and the Chloralum Wool and Wadding Patent, dated 24th December, 1870, No. 131,77, subject to a nominal royalty of one penny per pound; and the word "Chloralum" as a Trade Mark for the sum of £10,000 in cash, and 5,000 Deferred Shares, which do not participate in dividends until the Preference Shares, offered for subscription, have received 10 per cent. in each year, as described in the heading of this prospectus.

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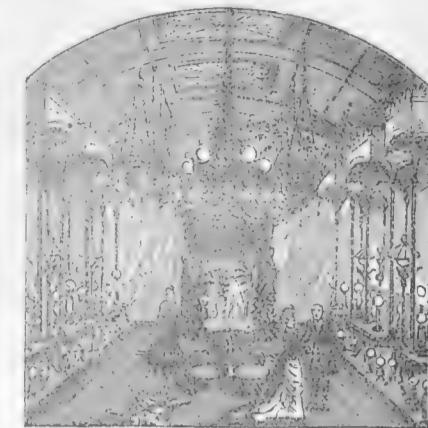
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7. ALCOHOL, black mare, quiet to ride, a capital
hack or huntress.

8. JACK-O'-LANTERN, bay gelding, 5 years old,
quiet to ride or drive, good strong useful car-
riage horse.

9. NOIR, black gelding, 5 years old, quiet to ride
or drive, an excellent animal for either purpose.

10. BADEN, bay mare, 5 years old, quiet to ride or
drive, capital horse in harness.

11. TOGGERY, bay mare, 7 years old, quiet to ride or
drive, very useful mare.

12. URBANE, bay mare, 5 years old, quiet to ride or
drive, a splendid animal for a gentleman's car-
riage.

13. MOULSEY, grey gelding, 6 years old, quiet to ride or
drive, very good-looking powerful horse.

14. SCARBOROUGH, grey gelding, 6 years old,
quiet to ride or drive, capital hack, plenty of
quality.

15. CLEMATIS, brown mare, 7 years old, quiet to ride or
drive, regularly hunted during three past
seasons.

16. GOOLE, bay mare, 6 years old, quiet to ride or
drive, nice hack or harness mare.

DESDEMONA.

THE fatal love and tragic story of the Gentle Desdemona have impressed her name on every memory, enshrined her character in every heart. Never did poet impersonate a being more perfectly pure, or more sweetly, nobly, womanly. She is the complete embodiment of conjugal love in its highest and grandest development; based strongly in intense admiration of "a constant, loving, noble nature;" built up and cemented; like a strong fortress fitted to endure all that time or evil fortune might bring against it, stone by stone. She was not caught at once, as the passionate and impetuous Juliet was, by the outer charms of a handsome face and figure, but,

"Saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did she her soul and fortune consecrate."

Under the settled calm of a tranquil surface the current of her affection ran deep and strong, full of power and dignity, never loud. She had been—

"A maiden never bold
Of spirit, so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself."

And as a wife the same innocent gentleness and placidity appeals to our respect and admiration. Gross natures, like that of a Iago or a Brabantio, cannot conceive the possibility of a love so elevated and refined. Iago, for instance, although he admits that—

"The Moor is of a free and open nature,"

And again says—

"The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,"

Who, he says, will make "a most dear husband," is so far from recognising the purity and loftiness of Desdemona's passion, that he agrees with Brabantio in considering it "against all rules of nature," and holding his nose coarsely, cries—

"Foh! One may smell in such a will; most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural."

That a woman should overlook the outer man, and seeing intellectual worth, nobility, and beauty, fall deeply in love with those qualities, even if associated with "what she feared to look on!" was a preposterous idea in which "sans witchcraft" neither Iago



DESDEMONA.

nor Brabantio could have believed. And to this day there are many like them.

Full of ethereal grace, simple in her innocence, and dignified in her simplicity, how truly and beautifully Shakspeare depicts Desdemona after she has been so coarsely reviled by her infuriated husband. Iago inquires, "What is the matter, lady?" and Emilia replies—

"Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it."

Des.—Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO.—What name, fair lady?

Des.—Such as she said my lord did say I was."

The childlike simplicity with which she puts this question, combined with her repugnance to utter a word so insulting to the wife and woman are in wonderful keeping with her entire nature. There is no furious outburst of resentment and indignation, not a spark of anger against her cruel husband, not a single word of reprobation. So in the last tragic scene of her death, when Emilia asks—

"Oh, who hath done

This deed?"

Desdemona replies—

"Nobody; I myself; farewell;

Commend me to my kind lord. Oh, farewell."

And so dies, faithful and devoted, true to her lord unto the awful end. Such a woman, so pure in thought, so strong in love, was the Desdemona of our artist's inspiration.

THE programme of the Polo and Hunt Ball, which takes place at the Brighton Pavilion on the 30th inst., has just made its appearance. The list of Lady patronesses is headed by the Duchess of Hamilton, and the ball stewards are chiefly masters of hounds, members of parliament, and county magistrates. The applications for vouchers are already very numerous, and a brilliant ball is anticipated.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 148, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

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All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the publisher, at 148, Strand.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

SPORTING.

E. F.—It is merely a friendly bout with the gloves, which your letter might degrade into spitefulness.

J. B.—"The Whole Art of Venerie," by Leonard Mascall.

F. R.—Pantomime, by Swiss out of Comedy.

J. K.—Many thanks.

"EMBO."—The subject is one of which you are evidently entirely ignorant.

E. B., Oxford.—We are unable to sit in judgment on your remarkable poem, and therefore leave our readers to decide for themselves. Here it is, *ipissimum verba*:

I had a dream, gentle Rosebery,
And my beautiful dream, was of thee;
'Twas a dream of the future, and Eden's gates,
Were unlocked, by a golden key.—
I sought the earthly paradise,
And entered, through clouds of doubt,
The portals of Fortune's temple
To seek that goddess out.
And thousands and thousands thronged with me,
With hearts beating high, for the maid,
I love you so truly, they all of them said;
Oh! Come! Come to me, fickle jade.
And they knelt at her feet on the daisied turf,
And, with many endearing wiles,
Strew'd her path, with the wealth of nations
To gain, only one of her smiles.
And as I gazed, in the sunlight,
On this strange fascination of men
A beauteous vision, passed me,
Dashing, madly, onward.—And then,
I heard the frantic multitude
Shouting a name I knew,
'Twas "Rosebery," "Rosebery."—And waking,
I found that my dream, was true. E. BAYARD.

"OLD CODGER."—Captain Sutherland died suddenly in Scotland while walking down stairs. Heartless wags said he was "a heavy loss to the British Service." A friend of our own, who knew him well, describes him as one of the best-tempered, best-hearted, and most generous of men. He was a great gambler.

A SUBSCRIBER, Sherborne.—Robert de Gotham (bred and ran by Lord Verulam), was a br br by Sir Hercules out of Duvernay by Emilius, her dam Varennes, by Selina out of Canary Bird. In 1841, he won the Sir Hercules Stakes at Gorhambury—his only victory that year. In 1842—won the Craven Stakes and Clarendon Stakes at Gorhambury, and the Cravenc Stakes at Goodwood. In 1843, he was not returned in the "Calendar" a winner.

DRAMATIC.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.—We are so often requested to inform correspondents where portraits of theatrical celebrities may be procured, that, to enable us in future to reply, we shall be glad to receive lists of portraits on sale from any photographers, or publishers, dealing in such productions.

B. STEINWAY.—Miss Marion Terry's first appearance in London was at the Olympic Theatre in 1873, in the comedietta called *A Game of Roms*—remained there during that season. In 1874 joined the Strand Company, played there two seasons, and is now at the Haymarket. This, with the exception of playing Ophelia a few nights at Leeds and Manchester constitutes her theatrical career.

PAUL PRY, ASCOT.—We are unable to furnish the information.

S. H., ISLINGTON.—We have already dealt with the subject.

AMATEUR PLAYWRIGHT.—1. The dances most in vogue, and therefore most suitable for introduction in a play dated for the last century, would be the Minuet and the Country dance, of which there were many varieties. 2. In Cassell's "Old and New London."

CLAPHAM.—Macklin's "Inquisition" was a species of dramatic entertainment, such as we now see at lecture halls, and was held in Hart-street, Covent Garden.

S. B.—Mr. David Fisher made his first appearance on the London stage at the Princess's Theatre, in 1853, as Victor in *The Lancers; or the Gentleman's Son*, under the management of Mr. Charles Kean.

H. B.—Mr. Henry H. Howe played at first under the assumed name of Halsingham, and was probably the actor you saw at the Old Standard Theatre, in 1856.

W. W. M.—The burlesque of *Dido*, by Burnard, was produced at the St. James's Theatre in May, 1860.

FREDERICK HOLLINGSWORTH.—"Wanted a Brigand" was written by G. A. A'Beckett, the music was by G. Stansbury and the author's wife.

C. S.—Miss Marriot was born in London. In 1850 she was playing at the New Adelphi Theatre.

THE COVE OF CORK.—Mr. Barry Sullivan was playing as a "Star" at the Standard Theatre, in 1860.

"BEATA."—Paul Bedford appeared on the London boards for the first time, in November, 1824.

ST. VINCENT.—We distinctly remember seeing a photograph of him, taken by Clarkington, a photographer, who was in Regent-street, some fifteen or more years since.

HARLEQUIN.—Mr. Edmund Glover was the eldest son of the famous Mrs. Glover.

F. R., G. B., S. L. F., and JAMES LANGRIDGE.—We are unable to supply the information.

A. B., BLACKFRIARS.—As a matter of fact we are deluged with applications of the nature of yours. For reasons that should be obvious we were unable to grant your request.

W. Y. F. replying to N. M. H. informs us that Mr. Henry Garside Neville was the son of an actor who died some three or four years since, that he commenced his theatrical career in 1852, at Preston, and between that time and the date of his appearance in London, endured all the vicissitudes and hardships of a minor position on the provincial boards. Success dawned upon him for the first time in 1856, when he was playing in Liverpool.

MUSICAL.

F. D.—It is really neither the one, nor the other, but a musical drama; although it is often performed as an oratorio.

SHOOTING.

F. P. W., CRAIGELHACHIE, N.B.—Your interesting communication was unfortunately overlooked until too late to be of service. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

PEDESTRIANISM.

J. S. E., Bradford.—We are unacquainted with his present address.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. H., CORK.—Not up to our standard and, a worn-out theme. Look out in future for events of greater importance and, more "racy of the soil."

"AN AGED COCKNEY."—The club or society called "The Owls," was held at the "Sheridan Knowles" Tavern, in Brydges-street, Covent-garden, opposite the principal entrance to Covent Garden Theatre. Its "Chancellor" was Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist; and its President, a well-known journalist and musical critic, Mr. Augustine Wade, author of the air and words of the once very popular song, "Meet me by Moonlight Alone." Amongst its more prominent members was Leman Rede, the popular dramatic author, who filled an office in the club called that of "Translator," and whose duty it was to make a speech for every new member who chanced to be unable to make one for himself, or making one for himself did it so badly that its "translation" by Rede was considered essential to its being properly understood; the way in which he carried out his duties was usually a very mirth-provoking one. Another prominent member was Pierce Egan, the sporting journalist, compiler of that "Boxiana" of which a sporting contemporary is now making so liberal a use, and author of, amongst other things, a highly successful farce, called *Life in London*, which, on its first production, put upwards of ten thousand pounds in the pocket of Mr. Yates, the then proprietor and manager of the Adelphi Theatre.

JAMES GORDON BRYCE.—Lord Barrymore was the first to introduce the class of boy servants now known as "Tigers," and the original "Tiger" was Alexander Lee, afterwards known as a musician and composer. He is said to have been a very precocious lad. He married Mrs. Waylett, the singer, and was so deeply affected by her death, that he locked himself in the room where she died, and four-and-twenty hours after, when the door was forced open by the people he was lodging with, they found him doubled up on a chair beside the bed—corpse. He was the son of a well-known sporting character and pugilist, Mr. Harry Lee, who was at one time, we are informed, landlord of a notorious tavern in Shire-lane, by Temple Bar, called the "Anti-Gallican."

N. G. W.—We think the newspaper referred to must be the *Leicester Journal*, which, in 1752, re-printed the Bible in its columns, from week to week.

SUBSCRIBER.—Sterne died at his lodgings, in Bond-street, at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of March, 1768, and was buried at St. George's burial ground, at Tyburn.

VOCALIST.—The verses, which are grossly indecent, were published originally with their music, in an old number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which they were called "The Disappointed Lover."

CH. H., GROSVENOR-SQUARE.—Thanks; not at present.

J. CHARLTON.—The word "famous," if contemporary critics of the highest eminence may be believed, is not misplaced, and the facts of the brief biographical sketches we give of actors and actresses of the last century are certainly neither hackneyed nor, on the whole, generally known.

Although, contrary to your assertion, new books do deal with them, as witness many recent works, the most recent being Mr. Dutton Cook's volume, reviewed in a recent number of the *Athenaeum*, and a newly commenced series of papers in imitation of our own in *Temple Bar*. None the less we thank you for your useful hint, as one which we shall probably adopt.

RECEIVED.—C. P., Arthur H., J. P. B., F. R. S., G. J. B., E., A. B. C., Archer, A. Wail from Below, Brighton Breezes, James Wells.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1876.

THE pens of the majority of sporting writers who take up their daily, weekly, or bi-weekly parables to place their readers *au fait* with passing events in the racing world would seem to dip their pens in ink of the most roseate hue, and to paint scenes and characters in the most flattening tints. Every owner of horses is "popular and straightforward," all trainers are "clever and experienced," and every jockey becomes in turn a "talented horseman." Who ever heard of a clerk of the course who was not "energetic," of a lessee who was not "spirited and enterprising," or of a racing official who was not "civil and obliging"? Through the same highly-coloured medium, the favourite for a great race (who may be nothing better than a patched-up cripple, "pitchforked" into a handicap) is regarded in the light of a "crack," and bookmakers are held up as models of "squareness" and fair dealing. By some strange, yet pleasing, fatality, all courses are in excellent order, the attendance immense, and everything passes off in a manner so uniformly successful, that to outsiders each race meeting must appear a "little heaven below," where everything works so smoothly and pleasantly. Seen through the glasses of the Turf optimist, a reclaimed brickfield in the suburbs becomes a "famous pasture," and those who consent to have their names placed on the list of stewards do not fail to share in the universal "popularity" which invests all benefactors of

the national pastime. A veil is considerably drawn over that portion of the picture which might not be calculated to stand the public gaze, and scandals affecting the good name of sport are carefully scotched, and buried out of sight. Occasionally, indeed, when a small man goes wrong, there is much cackle and clatter, and an imposing display of virtuous indignation, but the more influential delinquent is too often let down gently, and excuses are always forthcoming to place his actions in a different and more favourable light before public eyes.

Plain speaking in connection with any Turf scandal is a thing almost unknown, and when it is convenient to "blink the peccadilloes of all Piccadilly," we hear great talk about the undesirability of washing dirty linen in public, and the affair is hushed up and peacefully laid to rest. There is, of course, a reason for all this rose water and soft soap, nor is it far to seek. Curiously enough, Turf pursuits do not commend themselves to all orders and degrees of men, and there can be no doubt that a not inconsiderable section of society look upon the so-called "national pastime" with unfeigned horror, while another division regards it with an indifference closely akin to dislike, and would rather rejoice than lament over its disestablishment. Hence it is natural that its votaries should bestir themselves to bolster up their hobby, and to sing its praises lustily, in order to drown the clamour of the opposing faction. But in some cases these *laudatores* overshoot their mark, and the result is a ridiculous display of flunkeyism, which must in some cases become absolutely oppressive to the object of their adulation. The racing optimist is ready to prostrate himself and kootoo to any temporary popular idol, and his praise in some cases becomes so strong as absolutely to damn instead of to elevate the individual he desires to honour. To read certain panegyrics which have appeared on a late occasion in honour of a successful owner of horses, any unprejudiced person would be led to believe that honesty and straightforwardness are such rare virtues among Turfites, that their appearance in any one individual was an event quite out of the common, and to be dwelt upon and emphasised to the utmost power of the recorder. When writers are continually singing the praises of racing and its followers, this laudation should surely suffice, and there can be no occasion for them to over-do the thing, spreading butter on bacon, and thus arousing suspicions as to the goodness of their cause. Let them take care, lest by assiduous polishing they remove some of the varnish they took such pains to apply, and thus leave exposed the original roughness of the surface.

Things have surely come to a pretty pass, when a man cannot do his best to win a large stake and a still more considerable sum in bets, without awakening the echoes of a thousand trumpets, blaring forth his praises to the four winds of heaven! The fact has been made much of that Mr. Smith told all his friends that Rosebery was certain to win both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, and advised them to be on his horse. That is as much as to say, "I have backed the horse for all I care to lose, and you, my excellent friends, are welcome to mine and to other people's hedging money, or to the short odds now obtainable in open market." Was there such disinterestedness and liberality in this action as to arouse the fulsome panegyrics and unctuous flattery which have been lavished on the fortunate owner of Rosebery ever since the Second October Meeting, to which certain writers recur with oily iteration? We are fully prepared to admit all the various claims for the good opinion of his fellow men which may justly be argued in favour of Mr. Smith, and we yield to none in our appreciation of those honourable characteristics which he may well be proud to possess. Not only in his public capacity as a leading bookmaker, but in the more private business of a commission agent he has won golden opinions from all sorts of people; and we bear willing testimony to his upright and honourable dealing in a professional capacity. But, apart from this, we fail to see why he should come in for such a prodigious amount of abject laudation for having run his horse fairly and squarely, and for having left the crumbs which fell from his table to be shared by a large circle of friends. The individual who does his duty by himself and by the public is apparently not so rare in other walks of life as on the turf; and the exaltation of one man for a mere act of commonplace morality is a very backhanded compliment to the fraternity of which he is a member. It is like patting a boy on the back for not stealing fruit or picking pockets, and argues a conviction that the same straightforwardness does not characterise the generality of his fellows in the Ring; and because Mr. Smith belongs to that industrious body, his conduct has been characterised as all the more creditable, just as though he was the only stork among a company of crows. No owner of horses is, of course, bound to be communicative, but if his commission has been satisfactorily worked, he will clearly lose nothing by publicly asserting his confidence in the result of the race, and inducing his friends to share in the contemplated "good thing." We should imagine that Mr. Smith was ready enough by this time to exclaim, "Save me from my friends," and it will be hard lines indeed for him on the next occasion when he is supposed to hold the trump card, for a manifesto will certainly be expected of him, and the claim may arise at an awkward moment. Fickle friends will tire, like the Athenians, of always hearing Aristides called "the just," and when next Mr. Smith is in possession of a popular favourite we do not envy him his life before the race, and all because an ill-judged outburst of popular feeling has overwhelmed him with compliments for a course of action, which, if not often pursued, still remains the only right and proper one. We have heard scores of owners publicly express unbounded faith in their pets for some great race, but then the happy event has not come off, and no name has been found too bad for them among their deluded followers. Mr. Smith's "moral certainty" did come off, and now no praise is too good for him, and we shall hear of him for some time as a racing demigod. The feeling may be a chivalrous one, but it is essentially false in principle; if it were true, then we should feel bound to confess that the Turf is in a more abject state of "canker" than we are willing to believe it to be.

NEWMARKET HACKS.

It is not so many years since that visitors to Newmarket, who could not reckon a clever hack among their possessions, were forced to put up with what they could get at the various *caravanserais* in the town, and were wont on occasions to fare very badly indeed in this respect. Their conveyances to the Heath were mostly rough farmer's nags, and badly broken colts and ponies, totally deficient in action, and with no mouths or manners at all. Indeed at no very remote period it was the custom for farmers in the neighbourhood of Newmarket to let out for the week to stable-keepers at head-quarters all their available material in the shape of horses, many of them taken out of heavy draught work, and not a few from the ploughtail. They were dispatched literally "in the rough," and we well recollect a rather fastidious friend of ours regarding his "mount" on a Two Thousand day with horror and amazement, as a hairy-heeled and coffin-headed carthorse was being paraded before the door. We have seen many such specimens, and to late-comers it was "Hobson's choice" as regards these casuals, some of which had probably never been backed before, except so far as to carry the waggoner sitting sideways on their backs, or a farmer lad with a halter, on their way to the village pond. Raw and unbroken ponies, too, were pressed into the service, and the most extraordinary burlesques on equestrian were visible everywhere. However, the cry always was, "My Kingdom for a horse," since, in those primitive days, a conveyance of some sort was even more necessary than now, and Shank's pony was of no use whatever in getting from the cords to the old ring and back again, or in paying a flying visit to the Ditch Stables. Of late years things have altered considerably for the better, and a far cleverer class of hacks has taken the place of the old, rough, plodding sort, which went yawning about all over the shop, and looking every way for Sunday. The swells have now no occasion to bring their cobs along with them, but can be turned out almost as well as if they were at home. It is quite the exception to see those fearfully and wonderfully-made animals, which formerly crowded the inn-yards at Newmarket, and their places are taken by horses, whose manners and action in no small degree enhance the pleasure of an afternoon upon the Heath. It is quite a pleasure to stroll round the White Hart Stables an hour before the races, and to take stock of the platoons of hacks standing in the yard awaiting orders. Mr. Chennell has adopted a very sensible plan of providing for the comforts of his numerous customers, and spares no cost nor pains to have them well mounted. In the early spring before the Newmarket Craven Meeting, and again in the latter days of summer, in anticipation of the First October, all the likeliest places in Yorkshire and elsewhere are requisitioned for a supply of hacks and roadsters, most of which also find their way into harness, and are thus rendered doubly useful. Young fresh horses are invariably selected, so that when the time arrives (about July and November in each year) for a public sale at the well-known "Barbican," they are all readily saleable at very remunerative prices. It is no small advantage for intending purchasers to be able to make a selection from a lot of horses in full work and good hard condition, with the additional advantage of a trial any day at Newmarket, either personally made or through a competent deputy. Mr. Chennell has a large number of regular customers among the habitués of Newmarket, and they are mostly men with whom riding is second nature, and whose management is therefore likely materially to improve the hirelings they take in hand for the various meetings. Besides this many of them are driven about, on the Heath and elsewhere, and thus rendered handy and used to crowds, qualifying themselves as most valuable servants of all work. Mr. Chennell's catalogue contains about forty animals, and they will be disposed of by Mr. Rymill, on Friday, Nov. 17th. Their "characters" will be found on the printed lists; and this is, of course, the only kind of warranty which can be given, buyers having ample opportunities of ascertaining whether they are sound or not. But not much doubt need exist upon this point, for dicky legs and unsound wind will not stand the racket of a Newmarket field day, and an indifferent hack is very soon left to pick up casual mounts on days when the supply hardly equals the demand. In addition to their other qualifications, many really clever hunters will be found among the two score which come up to town next week, so that purchasers of all kinds are likely to be suited, and as there has been no "making up for sale," people will find their new purchases ready to come to hand at once. It will also be competent for intending buyers to see the horses jump, so that nobody need be afraid of purchasing that terrible pig in a poke, the mere *paper* hunter, who has never smelt a fence in his life. There are also some handy little cobs suitable for children, which will be useful in that capacity during the rapidly approaching Christmas holidays.

Taurina is one of the good old sort of hard roans with black points, and looks, as she is, thoroughly up to her business, whether it be doing her fourteen miles an hour in the shafts, hacking about the Heath, or in the wake of the musical pack. She has a sensible shapely head set elegantly on to a strong neck, and is good both to meet and to follow. She jumps wonderfully well, and has also been ridden with troops, so that she may be put down as one of the real useful sort, and is only six years old and 15 hands 3 in. high.

Cœur de Lion is a very showy grey, beautifully dappled, and with a deal of style and go about him. He, also, is a clever fencer, and we can bear personal testimony to his good qualities as a hack, having seen him in that capacity at the last meeting. He is six years old and 15 hands 2 in. in height, and in looks like a clever hunter, which we are assured is his "proper place."

Another of the same age, height, but of the opposite sex, is *Chignon*, a bright bay mare, cast in a mould full of elegance and quality, with splendid shoulders and unimpeachable quarters, and a thorough workmanlike cut about her. Her manners (which "make" the horse as much as they make the man) are equal to her appearance, and it would be difficult to pick one in the lot to match her "all round."

Oponanax is the model of a 13 or 14 stone hunter, also bright bay, and stands nearly 16 hands; but has short steely legs, with large bone, and has plenty of liberty and action. She is good both to meet and to follow, and has the best of character as a jumper.

Yet another bright bay and about the same height as the last is *Daphne*, a capital mare in harness, with great power, and plenty of pace and courage. Her quarters are marvellously square and strong, and she has high but not extravagant action.

Corsair is a "gaudy" chestnut, with blaze face and three white heels. He gallops very well, and fences admirably, and is handsome as a picture all over.

Leo is the pocket Hercules of the party, a black cob, 13 hands 3 in. in height, and strong as a castle, and up to any reasonable weight, without lumber or the lumpy action so often associated with horses of his stamp. He is a good stepper, too, in harness, and very handy and quiet, and is five years old.

For the *beau ideal* of a 16-hand harness horse, commend us to *Bell's Life*, a capital worker, and especially to be commended in double harness. He not only goes the pace, but steps well, and has been constantly worked in Count Lagrange's carriage at the Newmarket meetings. His substance is something extraordinary, and he is a rare-topped horse, with good easy action.

Another big pair are *Scarborough* (grey) and *Clematis* (brown),

the latter being a capital hunter, up to any weight, and one capable of going through the longest day.

Among the 15 hands 1 in. lot, we may note *Le Roi*, *Spinster*, *Zingara*, *Stepper*, and *Cashmere*, all pleasant to ride, well broke, and with two sides to their mouths. The last-named, a grey mare, is one of the finest goers ever seen, lots of knee action, carries her head well, and is a remarkably comfortable conveyance.

All the above have been ridden on the Heath by Mr. Chennell's regular customers during the last three meetings; and in addition, there is a useful honest lot of "professional" trappers, who do not aspire to anything beyond harness, though many of them are girthed on emergencies, and are quiet and handy enough on the Heath. Lots 33, 34, 35, 37, 38, 39, 40, and 41 are all high class, powerful horses, and for so heavy a mare we have clapped eyes on few such grand steppers as *Ino*. No little credit is due to Tom Hall for the condition in which his nags have been sent up; and he is so well known and trusty a servant, that purchasers may put the utmost confidence in his description of the various lots, and it need hardly be said that he knows the character of each thoroughly well. Considering that "scrimmages" are not unfrequent upon the Heath, and that casual customers are not too particular about their mounts for the day, the whole collection are singularly free from scars and blemishes, and in a capital state of preservation. The sale of last summer was well attended, considering the novelty of the experiment, and we heard of more than one bargain being picked up out of the last lot of Newmarket hacks. We look upon Mr. Chennell in the light of a public benefactor; and now that he has set so sensible an example, there will doubtless be many anxious to take a leaf out of his book.

THE CHESSMEN.

Was it the cigar? Or the coffee? Or that final nip of dry Curaçoa? Or is it possible that we can have dropped into a doze, while pondering over that confounded three-mover, and some mischievous chess-imp, during our short forty winks, has been playing mysterious pranks with the pieces—changing and twisting them into all sorts of queer shapes, and knocking them all over the board, until they more resemble a lot of drunken and disreputable human creatures than sober and respectable chessmen of the true Staunton pattern. . . .

As we live, the wooden heads are becoming instinct with life, and betray a vague, shadowy resemblance to faces and features not wholly unfamiliar to us; and yet they are but wooden heads, and some, we fear, will ever remain such. Here are a couple of unmistakable knights, ornamented with a pair of preciously ugly heads; but then chessplayers are not a handsome tribe—this, I am aware, is libellous, and a little above them is an equally unmistakable bishop, with bands and mitre complete, the latter, perhaps, a thought too tight for him, and a fine ecclesiastical head of hair that would do credit to a primate. May he live to become one, bedad. . . . As for the rest, it is not easy to say what they are, kings, queens, or rooks; perhaps they are in a state of partial development, for surely the Mosaic nose that peeps out of the forest of hair, in close proximity to the two knights, must be more immediately connected with the "missing link." Mere creatures of wood, bone, or ivory, these, my masters. And yet what feuds, heartburnings, bitterness, and all manner of uncharitable words and works, have not these pretty toys produced in their time. *Ludimus effigiem belli*. *Ludimus?* *Effigiem?* Nay, in chess it is the real thing—war to the knife. It is not so in any other sport—in cricket, draughts, or even dominoes. We are not aware that after an unsuccessful innings Mr. Grace ever accused Shaw of felony or even sacrilege; or that after the men were rolled up in the bag the "Highland Laddies" ever hinted a doubt as to the "Ayrshire Lassies" characters, or that M. Flicflac, after losing two cigars and five sous to Baron von Punter at dominoes, was thereby moved to insinuate that his victorious antagonist had a hand in the decease of the late lady who passed as the Baroness von P. But in chess, bless your innocent hearts, which ought to be the mildest and most intellectual of pastimes, we have all this and much more. What is nine-tenths of the literature of the "gentle game" for the past quarter of a century, but a record of the feuds and quarrels of rival authors and rival editors? And how many chess magazines and periodicals have been started and subsidised to the bitter end, for the avowed purpose of having a "dig" at a powerful enemy similarly armed? Such feuds, it is true, have in a great measure died out, but the old strife still survives in a new form, and there is now being waged amongst us a war—a bitter war—happily of words only, between the English School of Amateur Chess Players, and the foreign professors of the game in London. It is the curse of English chess that the practice of playing the games for money—however small the stakes may be—which has become obsolete in almost every other country in the world, should still prevail amongst us. Foreign adventurers with a distinctive distaste for honest labour, find in this practice a beggarly livelihood, and there is consequently a never-failing supply of the *genus* in England, and the "gentles' game," thus doled out in shillingsworths, is in danger of sinking—and actually is sinking—to the level of skittles. English amateurs naturally resent what they consider a desecration of a cherished pastime by the intrusion of a number of impudent free lances, and the latter dispute the ground they have seized with a boldness and pertinacity inspired by their necessities; hence the war to the knife.

But we are gradually drifting from the subject we have in hand. To return to our engraving, which fairly represents the opposing schools of London chessplayers. Messrs. Boden and Macdonnell—and, in a certain very limited sense, Mr. Potter also—are worthy representatives of British chess in practical play; while Messrs. Duffy and Wormald are its two leading theoretical exponents. On which side of the line Mr. Potter is to be ranked it is hard to say. He is an Englishman, and, in point of skill, not inferior to the best English living players, but the persistent manner in which he has coquetted with the foreign division, and played fast and loose with both sides, almost forbids his being ranked among the genuine representatives of the British school. He is, however, we believe, beginning to see the error of his ways, and more particularly the manner in which he has been made a tool of by a certain clique of foreigners, and it would not surprise us to see the lost sheep return penitently to the shelter of the fold. Herr Steinitz and Mr. Blackburne—Mr. Blackburne is the gentleman with the open countenance at the top right-hand corner of the engraving—are professionals, pure and simple, but, like all other chess professionals, object to being called by the name. With regard to Herr Zukertort, it is hard to say what he is or is not. Attached in some mysterious manner to both schools, and yet belonging to neither, he furnishes a notable example of the proverbial danger of "running with the hare and halloing with the hounds." Both use him, but neither trust him.

Such are the broad generalities of the picture. Let us add a few details, taking the portraits alphabetically in order.

Mr. J. H. Blackburne is the acknowledged prince of blindfold players. In this department of the royal game he is simply unrivalled, and the seats of Philidor, Harwitz, Morphy, Zukertort, &c., compared with his performances, sink into insignificance. But even provincial players are beginning at last to find out that blindfold chess, marvellous as it may seem, is apt to grow monotonous in the long run, and though an occasional country

club, stirred by some enthusiastic honorary secretary or president, now and then retains Mr. Blackburne for an annual *soirée* or other chess jollification, and exhibits him to the admiration of rustic cousins, we shrewdly suspect that Mr. B.'s services are not nearly in such general demand as they used to be. The plain truth is, we have had a surfeit of the blindfold business—everybody who tries can perform the feat after a manner—and even its *quondam* admirers are fain to confess that the "game is not worth the candle." As a player over the board, Mr. Blackburne is not so strong as he imagines himself to be. Who of us is? He won the challenge cup of the now defunct British Chess Association once, but if our memory serves us aright, was defeated for the trophy on two other occasions. His best performance was in the Vienna Tournament, where he had actually the first prize at his mercy, provided he either won or drew a single game with Rosenthal. He failed, however, when the pinch came, and in playing off the tie Steinitz made mincemeat of him. With regard to his more recent match with this same player, in which the Englishman was defeated in every game, we can offer no explanation, except that the form was too bad to be true, and that the ways of professional chess-players are inscrutable. But it surely was unkind of a writer in a chess periodical to talk about "playing on velvet" and ask us to count upon our fingers the number of "square" matches in which a foreigner had taken part in England during the last quarter of a century. We do not believe it for a moment—not for a moment.

Opposite the professional, on the upper left hand corner, stands Mr. S. Boden, an excellent water colour artist, an almost unequalled judge of a painting, and for many years one of the leading English players, though he has latterly abandoned chess for art. We have always held that Mr. Morphy's best performance in England was his unequivocal defeat of Mr. Boden, who from some cause or other, failed to make so good a fight against the American, as several very inferior players. But how is this? Our artist has surely limned Mr. Boden as he was never seen by mortal eyes. He is actually without a cigar in his mouth.

No. 3. MR. P. T. DUFFY.—A genial friend with a genial face—though the absence of the inevitable snuff-box somewhat mars the smiling fidelity of the portrait. Immersed in the cares of business, Mr. Duffy has long ago abandoned the serious practice of the game; but he has earned a justly high reputation as one of the most skilful living problem composers; and is, perhaps, even still better known as a forcible and caustic writer upon the chess topics of the day. It is no secret that he has for years conducted the chess department of the *Westminster Paper*, and there can be no question that the high position now occupied by that periodical in the chess world, is in a great measure due to this gentleman's tact and ability as a writer, and honesty and independence as a critic. He has always been a sworn foe to the foreign and professional school—and it is an open question whether these gentry fear him or hate him most.

And a bishop, of course, he ought to be—for there lives no more conscientious or eloquent "member of the cloth" than the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell; and you might search the byways and hedges for a long summer's day before you found a more cheery companion or a better chess player. In the various tournaments that have been held from time to time during the last few years, under the auspices of the British Chess Association, no English amateur, taken all round, has shown better form than Mr. Macdonnell; but good as he has always proved himself in match play, he soars to something like grandeur in a "skittle," in which he is apt to perplex his opponent, not more by his quick sight of the board, than by his inexhaustible fund of humour. May the episcopal mitre, when it comes, fit him better than that in which our artist has portrayed him. But the bands are irreproachable.

Of Mr. Potter we have already spoken, and, perhaps, have said as much as we care to say. If his enemies wish to hear any more, let us refer them to the *City of London Chess Magazine*, which he edited and some say killed.

Place for the distinguished foreigner! Herr Wilhelm Steinitz is a Bohemian by birth—and we may add, also, by instincts—having first seen the light in the "beautiful city of Prague." He is a republican of such inflexible principles, that on one occasion even the courtesy due to the Sovereign Lady of Great Britain could not induce him to rise from his seat when the loyal toasts were proposed at a dinner of the City of London Chess Club; and yet, with strange inconsistency, he informed a well-known Scotch amateur of our acquaintance that he was in expectation of receiving an invitation from her Majesty to dine at Balmoral, out of compliment to his surpassing skill as a chessplayer. Hitherto, the expected event has not been recorded in the *Court Circular*. For all that, however, he is universally admitted to be the best player in England, who is in any sort of play; but the admission is always "accompanied by a sigh of regret that he is not the best player of some other locality. Why a man of his unexampled talents should be compelled to make himself an alien, in order to earn his daily bread, is to us a mystery. But of late the professional grub has blossomed into the literary butterfly. As a writer of the language of Shakspeare and Milton, the Bohemian has developed a singular capacity for finding "five-syllable words to express one-syllable ideas;" but who supplies the words, and who the ideas? are questions we dare not ask. Probably they would not be answered if we did. "How do you spell 'double s'?" inquired a literary compatriot at the Divan; "vid two P's or von?" "Doppel, Doppel," rejoined the great maestro; "vy, vid two P's of course." These be your prophets, O Israel!

But two names remain on our list, Mr. Wormald and Herr Zukertort. Some twelve or fifteen years ago the former gentleman had the reputation of being one of our most skilful amateurs, but of late he has abandoned nearly altogether the practice of the game, and turned his attention to more important avocations. Like Mr. Duffy he is a clever and prolific problem composer, and has written a book on the Openings, which beyond all question is the best that has appeared in the language, since the publication of Mr. Staunton's inimitable "Handbook." For many years Mr. Wormald was bound by the closest ties of friendship to the great English master, and on his death succeeded him in the editorship of the chess column of the *Illustrated London News*. Rumour also has it that his Roman-hand is not unknown to the readers of the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC.

And Herr Zukertort. What about Herr Zukertort? Something we have said already—but something more remains to be said. He is, perhaps, the most learned amateur in Europe—well-educated, and a gentleman by instinct—which unhappily cannot be said of the majority of our foreign friends. He came to England, preceded by an immense reputation—having defeated the great Anderssen in two set matches—so it was said—but shortly after his arrival in this country, Steinitz shattered him to shivers, and with the exception of a little passage of arms with Mr. Potter, whom he defeated after a good fight, he has not figured in any important encounter.

And now, kind sir, the curtain is about to fall. Let us replace the puppets in the box.

FOR Shrewsbury Races a special fast express train will be run by the Great Western Railway. It will comprise first, second, and third class carriages, and will leave Paddington Station at 4.40 p.m., and Westbourne Park three minutes later. This train will stop at Oxford, Birmingham, and Wellington only. Further particulars will be found in our advertisement columns.

IT'S AN AWFUL BOOK —





CORRESPONDENCE.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

A CURIOUS EXTRACT.

SIR.—In a description of New Athens, in *Terra Australis Incognita*, contained in a curious volume, intituled "The Golden Medley," published in 1720, occurs the following passage, which may amuse your readers:—

"There is none admitted to be an actor or actress from out of the dregs of the people, nor who have the least stain upon their reputation; and as they are supposed to be born of parents of credit, so they must be more than commonly educated, tho' the common education here would pass for extraordinary elsewhere. The men, besides their learning in history and poetry, are all taught painting or designing, by which they learn not only graceful postures for themselves, and such as are agreeable to the very passions, but also how to dispose their supernumeraries or mute persons into such groupes as may render them agreeable, if not beautiful, to the audience. To this purpose likewise, they are not a company of ragamuffins, old, young, tall and short, awkward and clumsy, and ill-drest, as with us; but all proper young handsome fellows, about six foot high, and well drest, as well as perfect in dancing and a graceful motion, by which the whole representation becomes solemn and touching. The women are likewise taught history and poetry, and perfectly instructed in the action and gesture, figure and motion, proper to every character and passion; both the men and the women are extremely careful of observing the decorum of the representation, a neglect in which is here unpardonable, and look'd upon as an insufferable insolence offer'd to the audience."—I am, &c.,

R. H. L.

THE LORD MAYOR'S DRAMATIC FEAST-MASTER ELKANNAH SETTLE ON MR. TOM TAYLOR.

To the Most Worthie the Editor, with Hartie Commendations.

SIR.—I would that thou of thy grace wouldst undertake to advertise one Tom a Taylor who as I have heard much patcheth and mendeth with stolen cloth, against vsing and vtting backbitting speeches of Intilmen out of the fleshy who wish euil to none and were long since dead, such being euil unchristen worke, and cowardlie. Such impudent, arrogant, and dogged malicious speaking at feastings civie or other—houre strong the wine or weak the head, or judgment—I would that thou sharpie reprove, together with all such sophistically furnished bragger and crakers, to prevent hensward farther grief and offense amongst us who have long been preserved in the spirit. Amongst living men of my time in the fleshy it was a saying—

"He that wyl drinke wine and hath never a vine
Must sende or goe to France."

If the Tom whose malicious fantazie has vnquieted me euen here, hath no "vine" let him not crie "sour" to the grapes of other men who are dead whose spirits yet may on slaytes slayte him in retурne.

In the year of our Lord's grace 1671 my *Cambyses* at the Royal Duke's Theatre pleased delighghted crowdes as did *Love and Revenge* at the same house four yeares after. My hystorie playe *The Conquest of China* was no meane thing & dailie filled the same big house. My pastoral of 1677 was right eagerlie receivied. My *Fatal Love* at the King's Theatre moved all London to extasie in 1680, where also in the same year was acted with like success my *Female Prelate* and in 1682 my *Heir of Morocco*. My *Distressed Innocence*, my *Ambitious Slave* of 1694, & my *Philaster* of the year that followed at the Royal Theatre in a lane leading to Drury House, were all honorably received & spoken of by playgoers & as good crytis as any who now live in the fleshy. My *World in the Moon*; my *Virgin Prophetess* of 1701 my *City Ramble* of 1712, my *Siege of Troy*, my famous opera *The Ladies' Triumph* did all speak for me manie times to good or better effect than manie such sillie playes as we have seen of Tom the Taylor's wryting or stealing, and here we have playe them still.

Now all craftily counterfeiting whereby those of brasen visages do conuey to themselves the title and interest, thanks and commendations due to other men, whether by vayn glorious feastings, or abominable impudency of outward shew, when of themselves they are vtterly vnable to inuent any worthy conclusion to be profitably practised, is indeede sore hurtful & I pray you for the advancement of honestie and learning & to the great benefit and commodity publik that thou takest my sincere, blunt and simple advise to restore the integrity of duly deserved honest name & fame of euen a poore spirit though crewel mediums restrecteth him to the use of slaytes & abominably little pieces of the same to write wherewith denying ink-horne & the gray-goose quill which in the fleshy they soe well wielded, & do please

Your worship's in fidelitie and sinceritie,

ELKANNAH SETTLE.

From the Englyshe Spirit Land in Englande.

Postscript.—Touching my playings at the great Faire of Saint Bartholomew Before & after my death in the fleshy the greatest of the King's players thought that no disgrace as Tom would have knowne gif & he onlie wrote less and read more, as indeede he well and with much good might do. Touching Dryden's satire, he was mine enemie and my rival, and spoke in despight.—E. S.

THE SLOT CONTROVERSY.

SIR.—The proper name for the foot of a deer in my shire (Somerset) is a stock, and slot is universally recognised as its track. I enclose my card.

HUNTSMAN.

[“ATLAS,” in the *World* of Wednesday week wrote as follows:—

The Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS returns to the charge about “slot,” and my supposed blunders in the matter. But I must beg to remind him that he has—unwittingly, no doubt—gone quite astray in the real subject in dispute. He and a somewhat “Savage” correspondent bring a whole host of authorities to show that “slot” is the impression of a deer’s foot on the ground. “Who said it worn’t?” I may say with Mr. *Punch*’s collier; for I know very well that “slot” is the mark of a deer’s forefoot. But what I was called a “cockney” for, in the *I. S. and D. N.*, was saying that a deer’s foot itself was called a “slot” on Exmoor. Cockney or not, I stick to my text, and can add to the authorities quoted last week one who will not be found in what R. H. L. calls my “favourite museum,” but who knows something about the matter, for all that. “As to what is the correct name of a deer’s foot, I cannot be certain,” writes Arthur Heal, the huntsman to the D. and S. staghounds, “but can only tell you what I have heard it called within the twenty-one years I have been with the hounds. I never heard it called anything but “slot” by those who have hunted regularly with us.” “Arthur’s” modest answer, quiet and decisive as he is himself when he has a deer with “four on top” in front of him, is quite enough for me, and I shall listen to no other “authorities” on the subject, not even to that of Dr. Johnson himself, of whose definition of “pastern” R. H. L. seems never to have heard.

We can add nothing to the controversy.—ED. I. S. and D. N.]

Mr. Bramley Dalby presents his compliments to the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, and in view of the pungent remarks which have recently emanated from “Atlas” in the *World* paper (with relation to what may be termed the “Slot” controversy), and which are continued in the current issue of the last mentioned paper, he would draw that

gentleman’s attention to two paragraphs contained in “Atlas’s” notes in the *World* for Sep. 27th ult. and that for Oct. 25th, both of which refer to Mr. Bissett’s poor sport on Exmoor this year. They will be found on page 15 in each issue.

On Oct. 25th “Atlas” writes “That it (the sport) is doomed to give way to increasing cultivation, steamploughs, wire fences, and such like abominations, I am afraid there can be little doubt.” Now on Sep. 27th the same individual wrote “it shows that the supply of deer on Exmoor is not likely to diminish in spite of steamploughs and wire fencing.”

Not to mention the tautology exhibited in the two paragraphs, the public, one would imagine, will have no little difficulty in reconciling the diversity of opinion displayed by this would-be critic of sporting matters.

Oct. 27, 1876.

LACROSSE AT HOME.

SIR.—Of our national game, Lacrosse, I need say but little, as it has been well advertised and explained by the Canadian teams, who played throughout the old country during the past season; and who, I believe, have been the means of introducing the game into England. Lacrosse needs only to be seen and known to be appreciated, and will in time, I trust, find high favour in English schools; which being the hot-beds of all athletic sports will soon force the game, and make it second only to cricket, as I believe the latter to be far too deeply rooted ever to be supplanted. Yet, as a game combining both skill and bodily exercise, lacrosse is, in my opinion, quite equal, if not superior, to either cricket or football, for does it not combine the essentials of both, viz., speed and endurance, coupled with a quick eye and a practised hand? It has the advantage over football, in that weight is not of the same importance; and if it requires a quick and practised hand and eye to guard the wicket from a twisting cricket-ball, are not these of equal importance to a goal keeper, to enable him to check the flying “rubber,” which is frequently thrown with twice the rapidity of the swiftest cricket ball ever bowled? And again, in lacrosse all the players are kept constantly on the move, and the excitement never flags for an instant, while the “ins” at cricket who are not batting have only to look on, and the “outs” who are not either bowling or wicket-keeping frequently do not touch the ball for several overs at a time. The latter game also requires a particularly true ground, while the former may be played on almost any. And lastly, the rules and the game of lacrosse itself are so exceedingly simple that the spectators are enabled to thoroughly understand and follow every movement of the players. Do not suppose that I wish in any way to undervalue cricket; that would ill become any Canadian. I only want to place lacrosse in a proper light and show what advantages it possesses; and I hold that it requires as much science, when properly played, as cricket or football, and most certainly it calls for the same, if not greater endurance than either.

The contest I am about to describe was one of particular interest. Some short time ago the “Shamrocks,” of Montreal, had endeavoured to wrest the championship from the “Torontos,” but had failed to do so. On the return of the “Royal” team (*i.e.*, the team of Canadians who played with the Indians in England) a match was played between them and a team of the Montreal club, which resulted in a defeat for the former. The latter believing they now possessed the material wherewith to gain the much-coveted “championship” for Montreal once more (that city having held the title for several years) at once challenged the “Torontos.” Much excitement was centred on the greatest game of the season, and a considerable sum of money was wagered on the contending teams, both of which had no lack of backers, the odds, if anything, being in favour of Montreal. The 9th of September was the appointed day, and a right royal day it was, the air was fresh and crisp, a slight breeze fanned the hot brows of the contestants, and, in fact, a better day for the game could not have been desired. About two o’clock the grounds began to fill rapidly, and throngs continued to flow in until after the commencement of the first game, at which time the stand was crowded to excess, the greater proportion of its occupants being ladies. It was calculated that between 9,000 and 10,000 spectators were present. The band of the 10th Royals played a number of choice selections during the afternoon. The “Montreal” team consisted of H. Breckett, goal; R. Crosbie, point; W. Maltby, cover point; Massey, Hubbell, Giroux, Elliot, W. Hubbell, Hodson, field; Cairns, J. Patton, and T. Patton, home. They were easily distinguished by their pretty uniforms of grey breeches, flannel guernseys trimmed with red, blue stockings with red stripes, and caps of red and blue. The “Torontos” were—M. McEachren, goal; J. Hughes, point; W. Ross, cover point; H. Ross, J. Henderson, T. Mitchell, C. Robinson, C. Nelson, and T. Arthurs, field; S. Hughes, R. Mitchell, and H. Suckling, home. As the two teams met on the centre of the field they looked exceedingly well; and twenty-four better specimens of the budding manhood of Young Canada no one could desire to see. Mr. Steele officiated as referee; Messrs. Davidson and Massay, umpire for Montreal; Messrs. Myers and Scott for Toronto.

First Game.—At 3 o’clock the teams got into position, and at 3.12 the ball was faced, and after a lively scramble was tossed cleverly through the Montreal goal, by “Tip” Arthurs, securing the first game, much to every persons’ surprise, in a little over a minute.

Second Game.—No time was lost in facing the ball once more, and at 3.17 all hands were at work. At the first scramble the ball was thrown into the crowd, and had to be faced again. Giroux, of the Montrealers, gained the advantage, and made a splendid run, but was stopped by Nelson, who sent the “rubber” back to the Montreal goal. A Montrealer got it and rushed off, and after some fine dodging landed it some 20 feet in front of the Toronto’s goal, where a severe struggle took place, ending by Mitchell obtaining possession and rushing off for his opponents’ goal, only to be defeated and to lose the ball, which once more was placed in a dangerous position for Toronto. W. Ross gaining possession made a stunning throw, and for some time it was hot work for the Montreal goal-keeper. The ball again passed among the spectators, and was faced once more. A Montrealer securing it, sent it with considerable energy to the uthern portion of the field. The charges on the Toronto goal were now of the strongest and most positive description, but were rendered futile by the splendid play of McEachren. The “rubber” now passed up and down—now a Montrealer got it, only to lose it; running and dodging was the order of the hour, till a Montreal man, by a prodigious throw, landed the ball in the music stand, considerably astonishing the bandsmen. Once more the ball was faced, and after a hot scrimmage, R. H. Mitchell adroitly put it through the Montreal goal. Time, 21½ minutes.

A rest of 10 minutes, and the game started once more. The Montreal men, knowing that if they lost this chance it was all up, fought like Trojans; but they were met by the Torontos with an equal energy. The play being magnificent, the spectators loudly cheered on the contestants, and expectation stood on tiptoe. When the game had progressed about twenty minutes, the ball passed so nearly between the Toronto flags that the spectators sent up a lusty cheer, thinking the visitors had won, but the referee decided “no game.” The question was a very nice one, and the Montreal men recognising it as such, cheerfully ac-

quiesced in Mr. Steele’s decision, and the ball was re-faced. For the next quarter of an hour the play was of the hottest description, and the general excitement was very great. The ball was faced four times, being thrown out of the ground. At 4.30, the “rubber” was faced, as it turned out, for the last time, and if the play had been good before it was doubly so now, and almost baffles description. Again and again the Montreal men, like the French at Waterloo, charged on the Toronto goal, but again and again they were repulsed, and forced to look after their own defence. Massey and Giroux especially distinguishing themselves by their frantic efforts to turn the fortunes of the day; and Hughes, of the Torontos, meeting all their charges with great quickness and coolness. After nearly an hour’s play Tom Mitchell carried the ball to the neighbourhood of the Montreal goal, where, by some excellent dodging, R. Mitchell succeeded in putting it through, thus winning the third and last game in fifty-three minutes.

The play exhibited by both teams was excellent. The contest, although severe, was entirely free from roughness; and, in fact, a finer game was never witnessed, nor would any one who was fortunate enough to be present have the cheek to say that lacrosse, as was then displayed, was not a sport which required strength, agility, and skill.—I am, &c.,

Toronto, October, 1876.

MISS BELLA PATEMAN.

THE almost unexampled success of the charming young lady who is the subject of this week’s frontispiece, lends more than ordinary interest to a brief sketch of the triumphs of an artiste, who as Lady Clancarty in Mr. Tom Taylor’s charming play of *Clancarty*, made such a brilliant *début* in London last Saturday week, at the Olympic Theatre. Born in a non-theatrical family, her instincts early directed her to the boards, and at the little Worcester Theatre, under the management of Mr. James Rodgers, she first gave evidence of that talent now so richly matured. Later, at the Theatre Royal, Jersey, as a member of Mr. Wybert Rousby’s company, Miss Bella Pateman made rapid progress in dramatic art; and after a brief season at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, crossed the Atlantic, and at Booth’s Theatre, New York, attained the honour of playing all the leading Shakespearean heroines; and in her, Edwin Booth, the enthusiastic actor and manager, found an able helpmate in his endeavour to popularise and worthily illustrate the immortal works of the great master. Miss Pateman played Ophelia for eight weeks to the renowned Hamlet of Edwin Booth, with a grace and delicacy that is indelibly impressed on the memories of those who saw her in the white garments and falling pale blonde locks of the love-crazed girl! The revival of Bulwer’s *Richelieu* (which ran for three months) derived much of its interest from her impersonation of the heroine; and not the least remarkable of her poetic studies was the bewitching and perplexing character of Beatrice, in which she achieved a most pronounced success. Even more happy, if possible, was she at San Francisco, in *The New Magdalen*; her original creation (in America) of Mercy Merrick stamping her as an artiste of the highest order. So great was the excitement caused by this production at San Francisco, where she became the idolised favourite of the warm-hearted Californian public, that Miss Pateman returned with it to Booth’s Theatre, the scene of her earlier triumphs, thereby adding another leaf to her budding crown of laurel.

How the young artiste has come back to her native country, and—unheralded by big letters, unlithographed, unphotographed—has by her rare talents and extraordinary sympathetic powers, taken town by storm, and added a fresh lustre to modern dramatic annals, is it not written in the daily journals?

Whilst chronicling Miss Bella Pateman’s exceptional success, it is only fair to remark that she must be congratulated on exceptional fortunes in being so admirably supported by that accomplished actor Mr. Henry Neville and his talented Olympic company, in a play of such thrilling interest, and one destined to be enshrined in the highest ranks of the dramatic literature of this country, as Mr. Tom Taylor’s *Clancarty*. Our portrait is from a recent photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.

ON Monday, Miss Ada Cavendish began a twelve nights engagement at the Brighton theatre, appearing as Juliet, before a good house.

THE twenty-five mile champion bicycle race for a cup value £50, to be won twice, came off on Monday afternoon at the Sussex County Cricket Ground, Hove. Keen, Stanton, Thuillet, and Lawson entered, but the last named did not appear. In the last two miles Keen put on a spurt, distanced his opponents, and finally won by about 350 yards; time, 1h 30min 49sec; Stanton second, 1h 30min 49sec; Thuillet third, 1h 30min 50sec.

MR. TYLER, of Birmingham, has sustained a severe loss by the death of Leybourne, the well-known trotter, who died at the ripe age of 18 years. It is only a week since the horse performed at Alexandra Park, where he won his heat in grand style; and so confident was Mr. Tyler that Leybourne did not show his true form in the “final,” that he at once entered him in a sweepstakes with Norah, Steel Grey, and Salvini.

THE first monthly meeting of the Musical Association for the present session was held on Monday last, at the house of the association, 27, Harley-street, Cavendish-square. Mr. S. Arthur Chappell presided, and amongst those present were Dr. Stainer, Dr. Stone, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. A. J. Ellis, Mr. Prendergast, Mr. Charles K. Salaman (hon. sec.), &c. A paper was read by Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, on “The Sensitiveness of the Human Ear for Pitch and Change of Pitch of Notes in Music.” Mr. Ellis treated the subject in an extremely technical manner, and, in conclusion, said that a good ear for music was one that could detect certain intervals and differences, but it was not one that could say when a note was out of tune, because the meaning of “being in tune” was at present unfixed, both as to standard pitch and desired interval. In the discussion that followed, Dr. Stone considered it was impossible to arrive at an absolute standard, and, in his opinion, tuning-forks were the worst test of pitch they could have. Mr. Ellis remarked that with Appunn’s tonometer, now to be seen at the Loan Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus at South Kensington, the absolute pitch could be arrived at and worked out by mathematical equations. Dr. Stone said, if that were so, and if the absolute pitch could be worked out from the relative pitch by mathematical equations, that was an important discovery. Mr. Cummings quite agreed with Dr. Stone about the forks. The appreciation of sounds depended much upon the different persons who heard them, and very often on the state of their health. As a singer, he knew that when he was out of sorts he heard out of tune, and he could not sing in tune. He was acquainted with a very good musician who suffered from a paralytic stroke, and who could only hear truly with one ear—the other ear was a semitone out; indeed, if he wished to tune an instrument, he had to stop up one ear altogether. Mr. Ellis having replied, the proceedings terminated.

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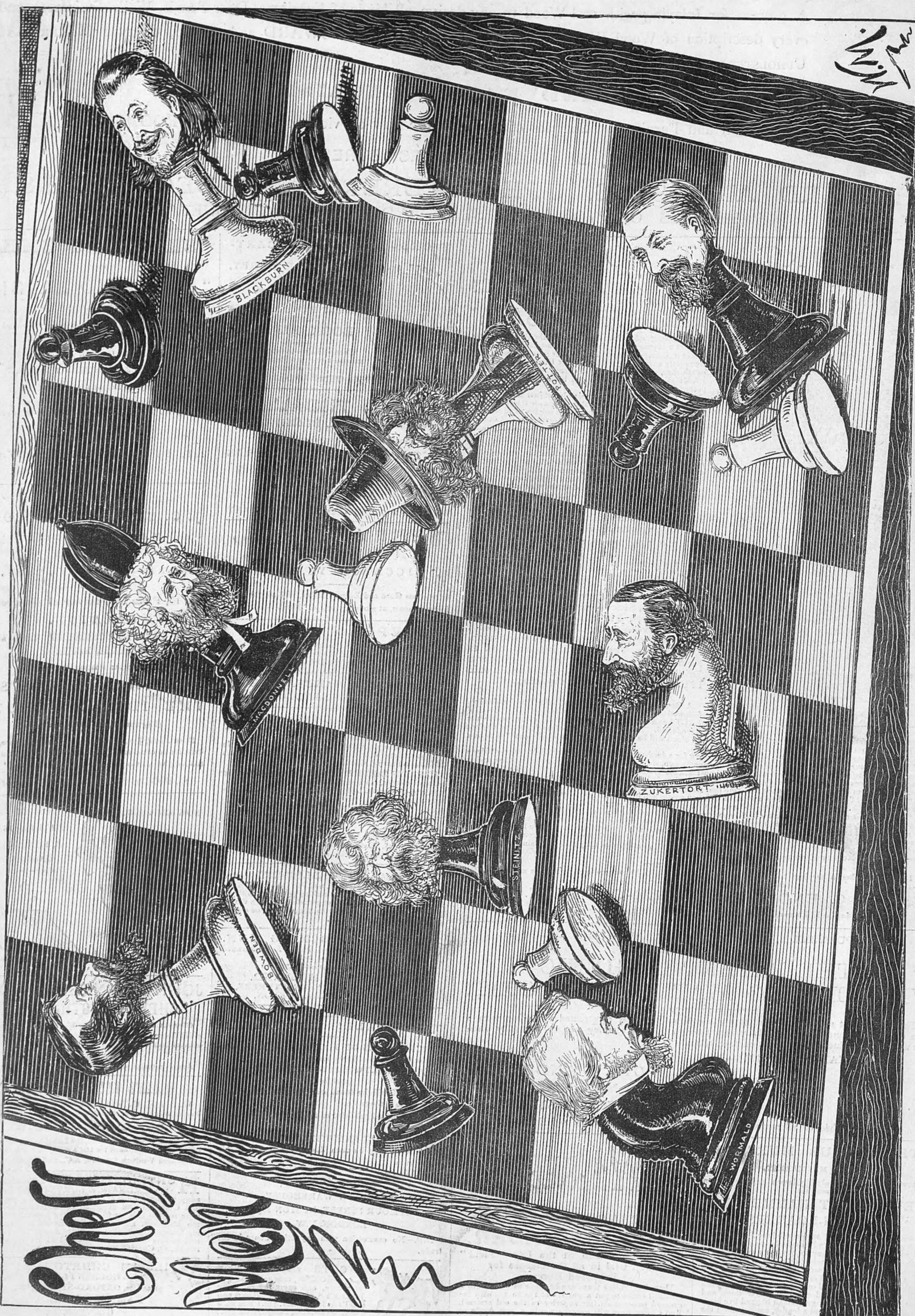
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